Saturday Review

OCTOBER 12, 1957 / 25¢

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Caitlin Thomas, author of "Leftover Life to Kill." *(See page 22)*

THE ORDEAL OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN

By Max Lerner

THE NEW YORK JAZZ . . . B

BOOKS FOR AUTUMN READING: SI ions

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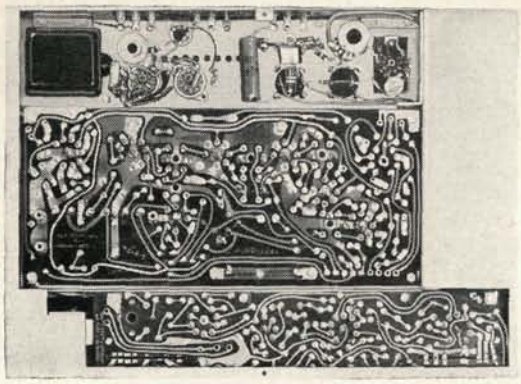
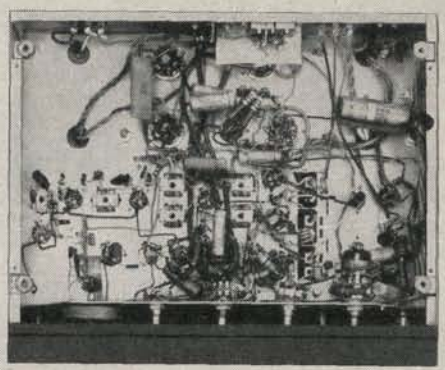


The 1958 Recital II
Model TA-120



The Original Festival, Model D-1000
introduced in 1953

NOW and THEN

It wasn't too long ago that high fidelity was the exclusive property of the devoted few. In four short years, however, dramatic developments in technology and product design have stimulated tremendous public interest. Today — high fidelity is the new family entertainment center.

When the original Harman-Kardon Festival (*see above*) appeared, it created genuine excitement. Here was a significant new approach to high fidelity—an instrument unique in electrical design and exciting in its styling. The Festival was the first complete quality high fidelity system on a single chassis. It sparked the trend away from complicated "machinery type" instruments to the handsome coordinated units so popular today.

As most high fidelity products, the first Festivals were produced with conventional hand wiring. The precision printed wiring of the new Recital II (*see above*) contrasts sharply with the earlier maze of wires and parts.

Printed wiring, pioneered and proved in the U. S. Guided Missile and Earth Satellite programs — locks each critical component in its one best position and thereby assures exact reproduction of the engineer's design. Because this process virtually eliminates the human variable in production, each Recital II conforms to the laboratory standard in every detail. The opportunity for complete inspection provided by this technique is further guarantee of reliability and trouble-free performance. *The Recital II is guaranteed for one year from purchase date.*

Comparison of our two units reflects other significant advances. In a handsomer, more functional chassis, the Recital II incorporates a 20 watt amplifier, as did the original Festival, but with the exclusive, Controlled "H" circuitry, it operates almost 100% more efficiently. It actually creates less heat than a 10 watt amplifier of conventional design.

The Recital II includes greatly improved tone controls plus a host of additional features such as a speaker selector switch for multiple speaker systems, rumble filter and equalized high gain tape input. The FM tuner is more sensitive and more stable—the AM tuner is vastly improved.

The American Society of Industrial Designers recently selected the Recital II for official U.S. display at the Milan Triennale, world's most important exhibit of industrial design.

Further dramatic evidence of progress is its price. During a period when the price of high fidelity products has increased an average 12%, the Recital II, for $189.95, costs almost 10% less than the original Festival.

In short, today's Recital II provides more useful operating features, vastly improved performance and sensible price in a distinguished design.

Other fine features of the Recital II include: Automatic Frequency Control to insure accurate tuning automatically; sensitive AM with automatic volume control and built-in ferrite antenna; dynamic loudness contour control to provide precise balance for your own hearing characteristics; enormously effective bass and treble tone controls to adjust for the acoustics of your room, and selectable record equalization to assure correct reproduction of your entire library. Enclosure and control panel are finished in brushed copper, the knobs and control frame in matte black. The Recital II is 14-3/4" wide x 3-5/8" high x 10-15/16" deep. Simply plug in a suitable loudspeaker and record player and a high fidelity system of incomparable performance and unique good looks is yours.

The Recital II Price is $189.95
Slightly higher in the West

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harman kardon

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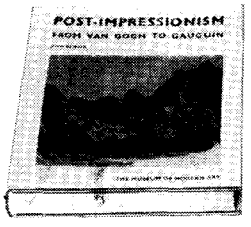

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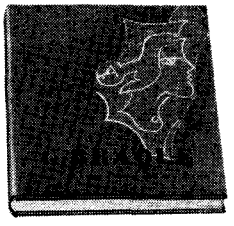

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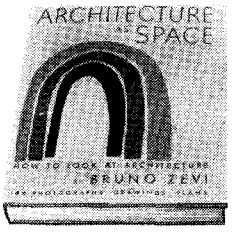

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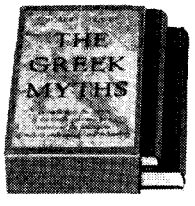

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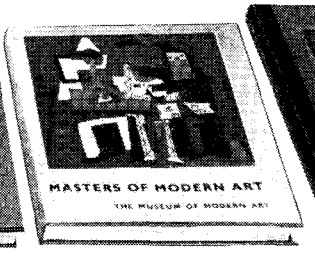

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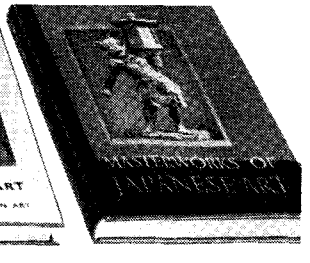

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This is the season for the turning of the leaves, and while Nature has been at work outside on the trees, I have been busy indoors with recent books. Some of the best leaves I turned were in these volumes:

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"The Esquire Cartoon Album" ($5.95), the first published collection of work from this magazine in its 24-year history.

"Buckskin and Blanket Days" ($4.50), the recently discovered work by Thomas Henry Tibbles, whose account of his life among the Plains Indians is a genuinely fascinating piece of Americana.

To see these and other worthwhile new books, visit your bookseller, who, after all, is the best of all book reviewers because he can let you see and read in books as he recommends them to you.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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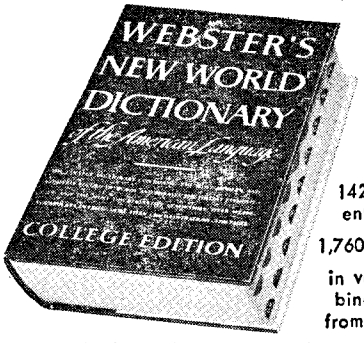

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TRADE Winds

LIKE MANY OTHERS, I am really going to miss Oliver Gogarty, the Irish poet and author who had lived here in New York for quite a few years, and who just died at the age of seventy-nine. I never thought of him as an old man, for he had so much personality that he could charm anyone a third his age. He was always fun to be with.

He had made a fortune in England as a surgeon, but the money was there where he couldn't get it. Here he lived in rather modest circumstances, but always at complete ease with everything and everybody. His blue eyes sparkled with irreverence, insouciance, wit. Recently he was a guest for drinks in a New York hotel room, and he ordered two bottles of good imported beer. He drank one and the party gathered to go out to dinner.

Dr. Gogarty wasn't going to waste the second beer. Somewhere he found a paper bag, put the bottle in it, stuck it in his side pocket. Soon he was stepping out of a taxi in front of the swank "21" restaurant, and into the line at the checkroom where movie stars were leaving expensive hats and coats. When it was Oliver's turn he handed the uniformed attendant the brown paper bag, all twisted up and slightly damp, and received his check stub.

After dinner he came down and retrieved the beer and left the premises. He did all this with complete unconcern, and it was typical of him. Most people think the funniest remark he ever made was the following:

"There's no such thing as a large whisky."

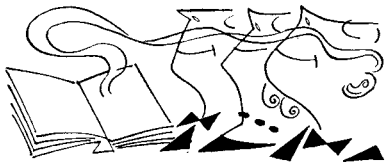
FROM THE WEST COAST comes a plea by Jon Cornin, the artist, that his Sausalito neighbor's utterances, named Kaplanisms after their originator, should be recorded. Here are some of Mrs. Kaplan's Kaplanisms:

Discussing problems of house-owning, she recently said, "It's just about time for us to tar and feather the roof."

When her husband attended a meeting not long ago, she reported, "He didn't have much to do except to hand over the gravel."

Another time, she was so sore at someone she muttered, "I'd like to tear him from limb to limb."

TO HELP SELL "Scent of Cloves" by Norah Lofts, her publishers (Doubleday) have impregnated the book with the scent of cloves. It comes out November 8. This conjures up many

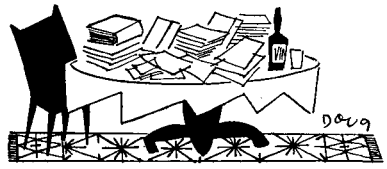


thoughts about the smells that could be associated with various other books, but I'd better not get too impertinent.

ALBERT GALLATIN, the Swiss immigrant who became our Secretary of the Treasury, 1801-1814, and then an important diplomat, saved everything—letters, articles about himself, clippings, calling cards, receipts, and even little notes he scribbled daily to himself commenting on anything from a national problem to his opinions on the figures of the girls he saw as he rode the coach from Boston to New York.

It was 20,000 documents of this sort that Ray Walters, Jr, used for his just-published biography of Gallatin. Walters spent ten years on the book, not only going through the papers but traveling up and down this country and finally visiting the many Gallatins still in Geneva. There he would often find himself sitting at the dining table with a bottle of wine while Gallatins ran back and forth to the attic to bring down family records that had been saved from as far back as the year 1200, in some cases.

Walters's signal contribution, besides giving us a fine biography of the man, was to expose as a fraud a volume called "The Diary of James Gallatin, Secretary to Albert Gallatin," edited by Count Gallatin. Published in 1914, this book has proved a rich mine of material for all sorts of historians. It told of Albert's years of diplomatic service in Europe, and it was full of colorful episodes—seductions, shootings, illegitimate offsprings, all manner of scandal. The influence of the "Diary" has been considerable. It is in many libraries; it is listed as recommended reading; most writers on American diplomacy in



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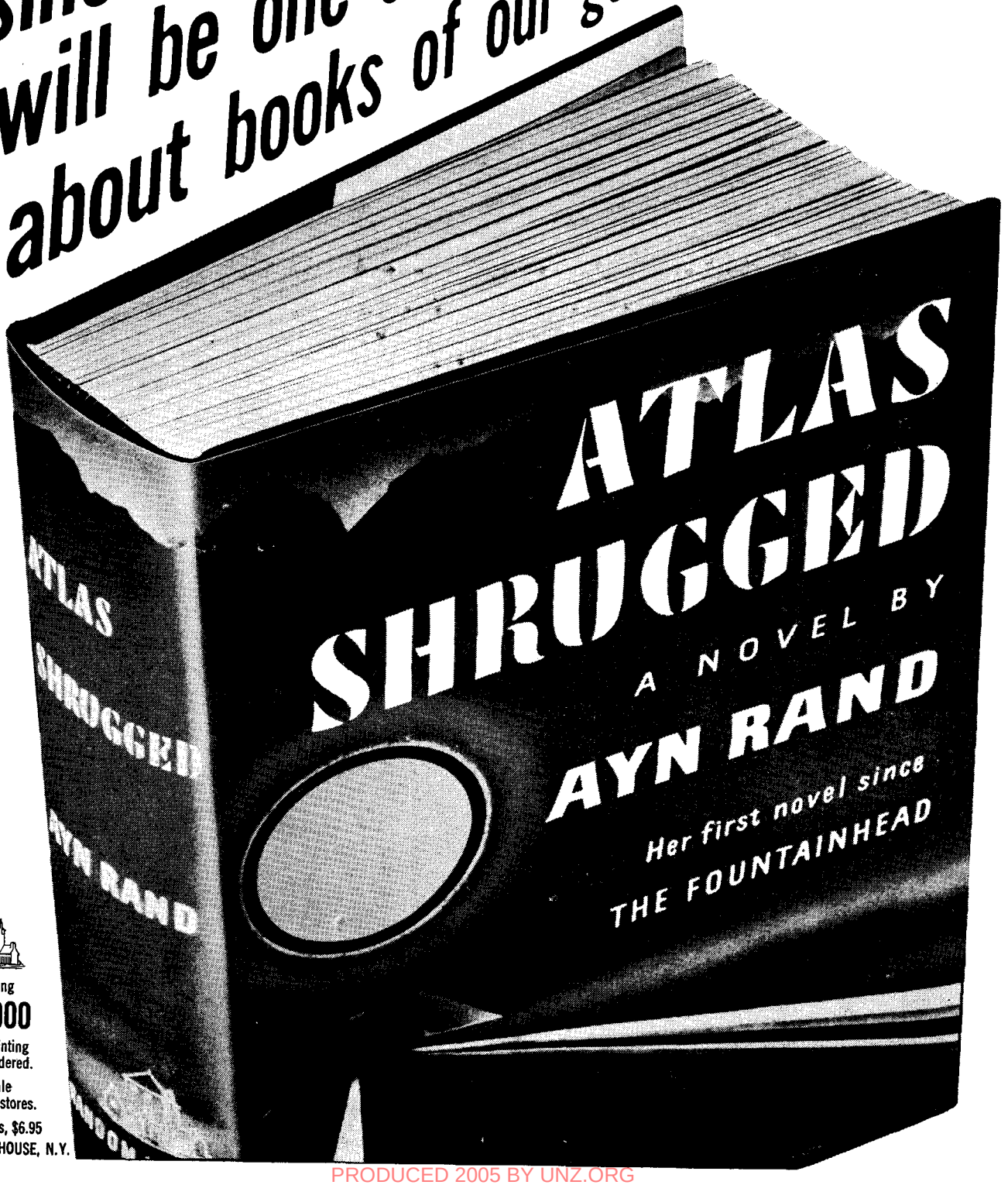

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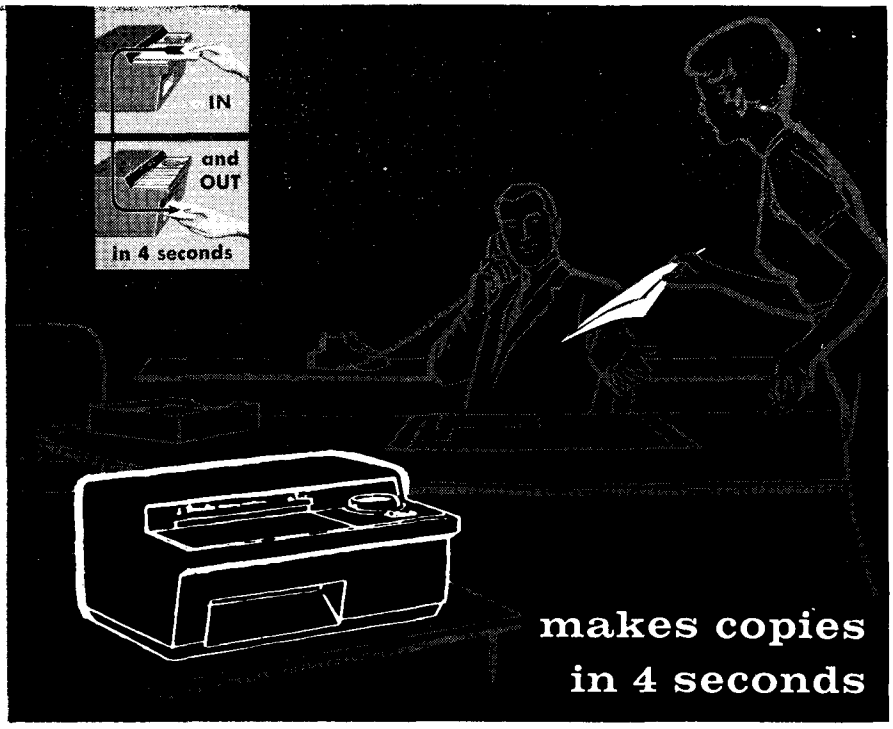

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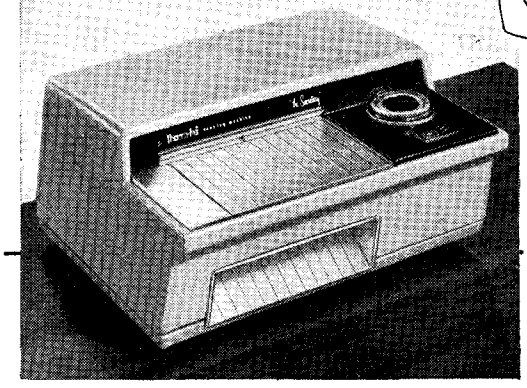

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the first half of the nineteenth century have used it.

It's a fake. Count Gallatin, who "edited" it, is known as "bad Jimmy" to the rest of the clan. He made it up because he needed money. Walters says the book must be moved to the fiction shelves now.

Here's an item about Albert Gallatin that *is* true. He and Alexander Hamilton didn't get along well at all. When Gallatin heard that Burr had shot and killed Hamilton, he said:

"The duel was very fair."

He must be unhappy that his remains lie in a Manhattan churchyard a few feet from Hamilton's.

HARRY GOLDEN of the *Carolina Israelite* has developed and tested "The Golden Out-of-Order Plan." He tried it in a city of North Carolina where Negroes represent 39 per cent of the population.

He prevailed on the manager of a department store to shut off the water in his "white" water fountain and put up a sign, "out of order." For the first day or two, reports Golden, the "whites" were hesitant, but little by little they began to drink water out of the fountain belonging to the "coloreds." By the end of the third week everybody was drinking the same water, with no complaints.

Golden believes that his "Plan" could be broadened considerably. "It is possible," he says, "that the 'whites' may accept desegregation if they were assured that the segregated facilities still exist, albeit, 'Out of order'."

RAY BRADBURY, who has written science fiction, fantasy, and more normal offerings, has just had published his first full-length novel, "Dandelion Wine." Like all Bradbury, it is extraordinary and imaginative.

Ray started writing when he was twelve years old (that would be 1932), and he knew he wanted to be a famous writer, "like Steinbeck, Faulkner, or Cather."

"I had to wear glasses from the time I was ten," he recalls, "so I had to write, because I couldn't do much else. By the time I got out of Los Angeles High School I was writing a lot, and I said if I didn't sell anything by the time I was twenty-one I'd quit. I had a story published on my twenty-first birthday. But I was still selling newspapers on the corner of Olympia Boulevard and Norton and making ten dollars a week, and living with my folks. I kept that up till I was twenty-two. My friends would walk by my corner and laugh at me and say, 'Bradbury, why don't you get a job with Standard Oil?'

"I'd say to myself, 'Oh, you SOB's, some day I'm going to get power and

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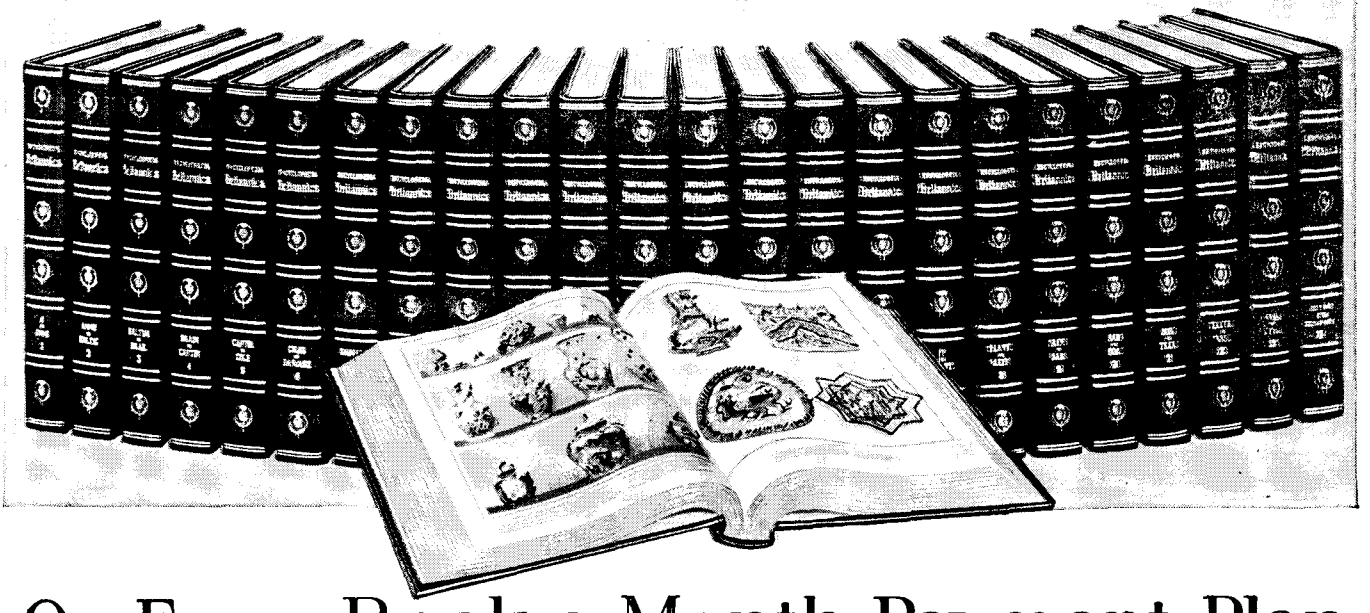

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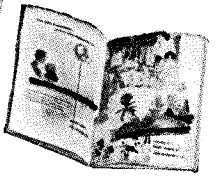

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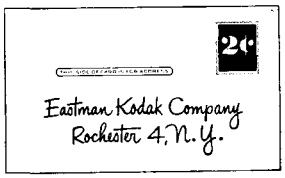

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Dept. 8-V, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak

come back and spit on you.' Now they still have their jobs with Standard Oil, and when I see them I never tell them anything about myself, I'm too lucky and too sorry for them."

Bradbury wrote the screen play for the motion picture "Moby Dick." Now he has just returned from a summer abroad where he did some work on the movie that's being made based on his short story "And the Rock Cried Out." It's about an American couple in an isolated South American town when Russia and the U. S. blast each other off the face of the earth. The war ends and the man and wife have to adjust themselves to being members of a minority race. Do they behave like Christians? Do they shine shoes for a living? You'll see.

IN "PATTERNS," a collection of four television plays by Rod Serling, he tells in a fascinating introduction how he had been asked a few years ago to make some alterations in the dialogue of a script he had written. The program on which the play would be performed was being sponsored by a cigarette company. Serling had to go through the script and change the words "American" and "lucky" to "United States" and "fortunate," respectively.

Serling was upset and apparently surprised. (I don't know why; it sounds familiar.) Today, he says, "In television the writer is hamstrung and closeted in by a myriad of taboos, regulations, and imposed dogma that dictate to him what he can write about and what he can't."

Why should Serling get so worried? The admen know what they're doing; they have the old Yankee know-how; they can sell the goods and that's what counts. Take the ad in this week's *Life* for New Pulvex Worm Caps. A satisfied little boy is feeding his dog something and calling to mummy:

"Look, Mom! Even I can worm the dog now!" —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1228)

EDSEL FORD:
HANAU AM MAIN

I have been away so long I cannot
remember which way the river
runs. . . .
But I know where it is from the
Bahnhof, and if I can ever
Go there again, I *will* . . .
Soon or late, by whatever
devious channels,
It reaches the sea, and . . .
Seas touch home.

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A deliciously amorous story of modern Paris, and of an indecently rich (and innocent) young bachelor searching among beautiful and willing ladies for his one true love. Every word of this gala Gallic novel is by

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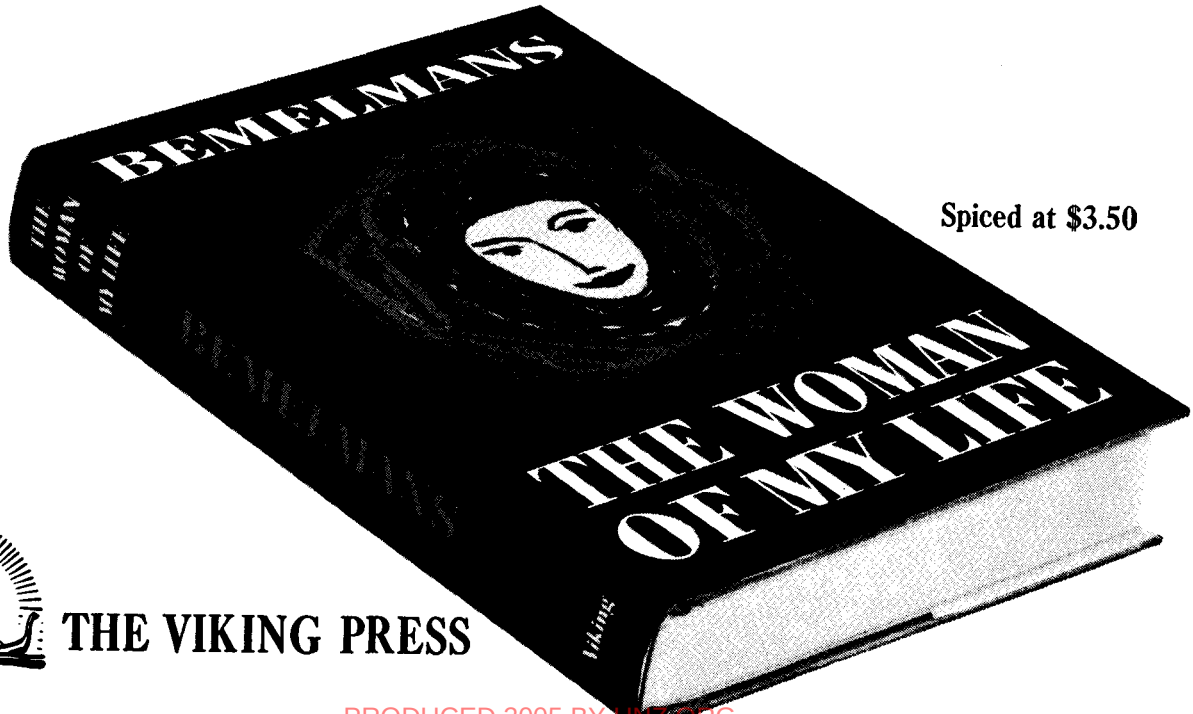

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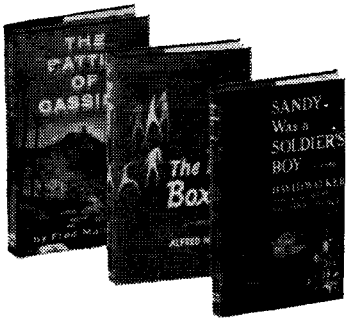
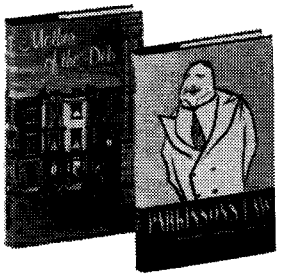
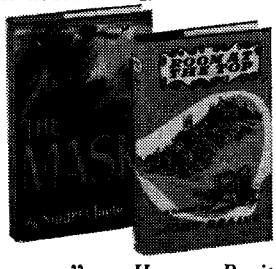


• **The Battle of Cassino Fred Majdalany** • "This shining chronicle, certainly one of the finest yet written about a particular phase of World War II . . . This is history and also it is art." — *John K. Hutchens, New York Herald Tribune* Maps and photographs ($4.00) • **Emergence from Chaos Stuart Holroyd** • The poet is probably always the most sensitive register of opinion in any period. A critical study of Dylan Thomas, Walt Whitman, Yeats, Rimbaud, Rilke and Eliot is the basis for this plea for a rediscovery of religious values. ($4.00) • **The Big Boxcar Alfred Maund** • "As a first novel this is an intense and powerful account of the real horrors and anguish in the lower depths of Southern life today. It may remind us of the early period of Richard Wright — who described in turn the true underworld of William Faulkner's deep southern scene. But Mr. Maund has his own convictions and purpose as a novelist, and what he has written here seems very close to the real thing." — *Maxwell Geismar* ($3.00) • **N.A. I** *Volume I, Looking North, Volume II, Looking South* **George R. Stewart** • The books "are a delight for the stay-at-home, indispensable for anyone planning to travel the Highway." — *Harper's* Photographs, $4.50 (Vol. I) $5.50 (Vol. II) $9.00 Set • **Village Diary 'Miss Read'** • "Village Diary, which I read at one happy sitting, is delightful. The mystery of Miss Read's identity intrigues me. I accept the publisher's word that she teaches village school but I find it hard to believe that's all she's done!" *Frances Gray Patton* ($3.50)

• **A World Restored Henry A. Kissinger** *Metternich, Castlereagh and the Problems of Peace, 1812-1822* • When after the collapse of Napoleon's Empire the genius of diplomacy brought the Congress of Vienna and the rebirth of Europe. ($6.00) • **Sandy Was a Soldier's Boy David Walker** • "Another of David Walker's quietly humorous masterpieces (he wrote *Geordie*) that follows, without stumbling, in the footsteps of Booth Tarkington and Mark Twain." — *Charles Moore* ($3.00) • **Mother of the Deb Petronella Portobello** • Romantic and authentic social comedy of the London season. ($3.00) • **The Wounds of Hunger Luis Spota** • The distinguished critic of Mexico City's *El Universal,* Rafael Solana, said last year in writing of the book's great success in France: "There is no doubt about it, Luis Spota is one of Mexico's greatest novelists, no matter how he might shock you." ($3.50) • **Parkinson's Law C. Northcote Parkinson** • "Professor Parkinson's book is downroarious, it is lowlarious, it is English . . . and it is just plain superb . . . " — *H. Allen Smith, Saturday Review* ($3.50)



• **The Mask Stuart Cloete** • "If 'The Mask' is primarily a novel of war, of witch doctors and mad rituals and death, it is as well a story of young, uninhibited love . . . I found it the most compelling book of the month." — *Francis Ludlow, The Retail Bookseller, Editor's Choice* ($3.50) • **To Catch a Man Rehna Cloete** • An impishly funny roman a clef about the pursuit and capture of a novelist. ($3.75) Illustrated by the author • **Room at the Top John Braine** • "Joe Lampton goes back to a grander tradition, he has something of the ruthlessness, the awkwardness and the shocking youthful vulnerability of Julien Sorel." — *G. S. Fraser, New Statesman.* "The most discussed, debated and lauded first novel in England this year." — *Harvey Breit, N.Y. Times* $3.75



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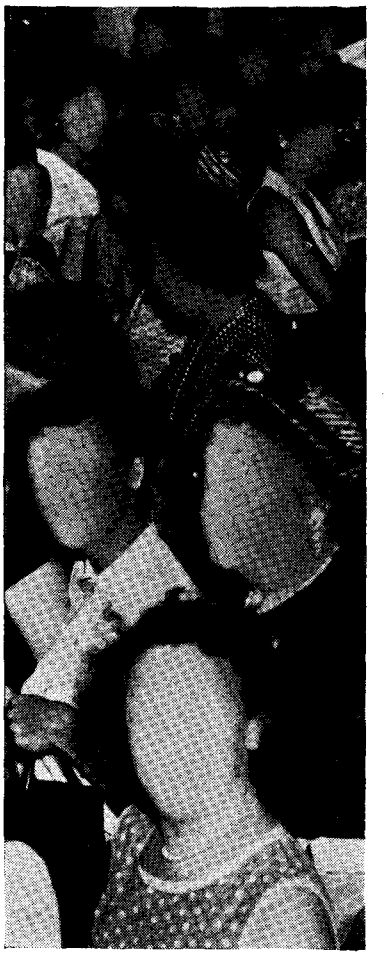
The Saturday Review
OCTOBER 12, 1957

THE ORDEAL OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN



Who says, in the first place, that the overprivileged, overactive, and overdieted Miss (or Mrs.) Faceless on the right suffers an ordeal? Everyone agrees that women wave the baton in America: there's "Mom," who, according to Philip Wylie, clings to Sonny and gives him neuroses; there's Mrs. Club, who is accused of bullying mayors and ministers; there's Mrs. Money, who is supposed to outthink and/or outsurvive her self-sacrificing husband to dominate the nation's economy; and there's Miss Bright-Eyes, who compels promising young men to fall in love, to the confusion of their morals and careers. But Max Lerner, the political-science lecturer and author, claims that if the American Woman is a dictator, she has few of the privileges and powers associated with that station. She makes huge psychological and physical demands on herself in attempting to satisfy her own strenuous self-image. Mr. Lerner's article is drawn from his forthcoming book "America As a Civilization" (Simon and Schuster, $10).
Copyright 1957 by Max Lerner.

By MAX LERNER

RARELY in historic civilizations have women been as free, expressive, and powerful as in America. Yet rarely has the burden of being a woman, and trying to be a fulfilled one, been as heavy to carry.

Everything in American life seems to conspire to make the American woman a glittering, bedecked, and pampered creature, yet also one bedeviled by a dilemma that reflects the split both within herself and her culture. She is torn between trying to vie with men in jobs, careers, business, and government, and at the same time find her identity as wife, mother, and woman. The tussle between them accounts in great measure for the ambiguous place she holds in American society and for the frustrations and neuroses commonly associated with her.

The growing-up years of the girl differ from those of the boy. She is welcomed less enthusiastically: to the low-income families she brings consuming rather than earning power, to the middle-class families she presents the problem of being married off. She is more closely watched than her brother by the family of which she is part, by the community outside, and by the censor inside her. Since she is considered the frailer vessel, she must be shielded; since she is to marry well, she must be marriageable; she must be careful not to cheapen herself, not be "talked about," to encase herself in the triple armor of inaccessibility. A small town or suburb, where everyone knows everyone and where the Puritan heritage in morals still lingers, is especially stifling for her. As a result, many a small-town girl seeks the blessed anonymity of the big city. Yet even there she is plagued by her dilemma: with one side of her she wants an adventurous and exciting life, but another voice tells her that she lives in a culture where few women can make a go of it on their own, and where therefore she must find the marriageable male who will invest her with security and status.

All the same, America's greatest work of art may turn out to be the American woman, from sixteen to fifty, whether stenographer or society belle, shopgirl or movie queen. She is known the world over for her pertness, her spirit, and her looks, for the contours of her figure, the smartness of her clothes, and the vitality of her person. Some of this derives from the image left by the spread of American movies, but mostly it is the deposit left by her place in her culture. Simone de Beauvoir has said, "One is not born a woman. One becomes it . . . by the ensemble of civilization."

The American woman, who must accept the assumptions of romantic love and also those of the merchandising economy in which the sale depends on the packaging, channels her pent-up energies largely into dress

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and decoration. She finds here an expressiveness and feeling of power that are not balked as they are in other channels. She finds available in the economy around her an array of fabrics, colors, furs, jewels, cosmetics, and even in the middle and lower income groups she finds copies of expensive items scaled down (almost) to her ability to pay.

Out of this arises what the advertising copywriters call the "American look," on the premise that the American woman does have a *different* total look from that of the Roman woman, Chinese, British, Latin, or Russian. In some ways the image is almost a Petty or Varga caricature, with shapely silk-clad legs longer than the torso, with small waist, narrow hips, long neck, swollen breasts, pert features, dilated and inviting eyes, blonde or red hair, sinuous body, and an expression at once vacuous and sophisticated, helpless and predatory. In actual statistical measurement and look the average American woman falls short of this dream, as the range of motley sizes and shapes in women's clothing testifies. Yet the cultural ideal is often approximated in height and slenderness, ankles and legs and contours, and even where it is not its hold is tyrannous.

The effort to approximate it has absorbed generations of skill and concentration, the suiting of techniques to taste and to the prevailing modes and moods. Shifting codes of fashion have governed the cycles of American taste in women's dress and profile from the crinoline-and-stays period, to the Gibson girl, to the inter-war flapper, to the current norm. Within these larger and baffling cycles there are whims and tyranny of the short-run changes in fashion on which whole industries may be built and by which they may be ruined. For the Goddess of the Right Thing is an exacting one. On the level of the Big Money this Byzantine profusion is, of course, achieved without much difficulty. Where it hurts is in the middle and low income groups, but even there —by smart buying of low-priced "copies"—one manages to respond to the unrelenting demands.

The arts of advertising and salesmanship lose no chance for encouraging this response. If the American woman were in danger of forgetting a moment about clothes and cosmetics, lingerie and nylons and "foundation garments," deodorants and perfumes, the advertisers make sure the lapse is brief. "It is our job," said the head of a trade association of women's retail stores, "to make women unhappy with what they have in the way of apparel and to make them think it is obsolete." Yet for all the tyrannies and blandishments with which she is surrounded, the American woman remains the center of the constellation.

The miracle is that with all this world of make-believe she has not succumbed wholly to its tyrannies. She has kept a measure of independence, wrecking many a big investment built on the premise that she would follow the command decrees of the great designers and clothes manufacturers. Even in the elite arts of dress and decoration, steeped in the vocabulary of exclusiveness, the democratic note has been sounded ever more insistently. The language of the fashion magazines and the advertising copy has increasingly become that of a democratic snobbery—an exclusiveness that includes shopgirl and stenographer along with debutante and young Park Avenue matron. Mail-order fashions, patterns for those who do their own clothes, mass-production models that are a triumph of cheapness and taste, "home permanents" that have cut into the role of the beauty shops—these are part of the great paradox of the American woman as artist and artifact.

THE most continuous American revolutionary is the American woman. First there was the *suffrage revolution,* as part of the long, hard-fought movement for equal rights in which a succession of strong-minded women, in the face of jeers and humiliation, broke into previously barred professions and won the right to an equal education with men, to speak in public, to vote for and hold office. Second, there was the *sexual revolution,* directed against the double standard of morality and aimed to gain for women some of the same privileges of sexual expressiveness as the men had. Coming in the wake of the equal-rights movement, it was a phase at once of the revolt against Puritanism and of the dislocations caused by the first World War. Related to the revolution of morals was, third, the *revolution of manners,* with women shedding their cumbersome garments and adopting form-fitting clothes and revealing swim suits and shorts, taking part in sports, driving cars and even piloting planes, serving in wartime as Wacs and Waves, smoking cigarettes and drinking in public. Fourth, there was the *kitchen revolution,* with mechanized kitchens and canned and prepared foods giving some women greater leisure and enabling others to get industrial and clerical jobs. Finally there was the *job revolution,* which transformed the American working force as it also transformed women's role in the economy. In 1920 there were 8 million women holding jobs; in 1955 there were more than 27 million, comprising over 30 per cent of the labor force. For the first time in American history, married women outnumbered single women in paying jobs, although most of the women in clerical and professional jobs are single.

The American woman has not had to struggle for her economic position. While there are no hard figures, the usual estimates are that women control up to 70 per cent of America's wealth, that they have 60 per cent of the savings accounts and are the beneficiaries of 70 per cent of the insurance policies, that they represent more than half the stockholders in the big gilt-edge corporations, that they own close to half of the nation's homes, and that at least three quarters of the nation's purchasing power is funneled through them. The catch is that women hold their purchasing power largely as wives and have acquired their wealth mainly as widows: economically they are disbursing agents, not principals. Or as one unmarried woman has put it with some acerbity: women have trust funds, stocks, and real estate, mainly "because their husbands die early, of overwork for these economic parasites." Not only do American women live longer than men, but many rich Americans who marry for a second time marry younger women who outlive them by a number of years.

But it does not follow, as some would have it, that this has turned America into a matriarchate, or that the American women are idlers who spend their husbands' salaries or clip interest coupons. The real control even of the wealth of wealthy women is in the hands of male trustees, lawyers, and bankers. Few women are directors of big corporations, just as there are few who form government policies. As for the women in industry, most of them work for a living or to supplement a family income too low for decency. Thus, American women, like men, are divided between an elite arrayed in glory and a majority who must work for what they get; and even the minority of women who are powerful in their ownership of wealth are functionless with respect to their wealth, because they lack the strategic control of it.

DURING the first quarter of the present century the American woman strove for equal rights with men: having achieved them, she has spent the second quarter wondering about the result. The struggle for the vote, for the right to hold and transfer property in her own name and to have legal control of her income, to go to the same colleges and professional

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schools as men, engaged the stubborn and persistent energies of a succession of woman leaders, from Emma Willard, Mary Lyon, Fanny Wright, Margaret Fuller, Elizabeth Stanton, Catherine Beecher, Lydia Child, Jane Swisshelm, to Jane Addams, Carrie Chapman Catt, and Eleanor Roosevelt. There were career women all through the nineteenth century, but the gap was great; in the twentieth it was narrowed. The boos and cheers that greeted the suffrage parades in the early Twenties seem quaint now, when there have been women mayors and Senators, UN delegates, and even Cabinet officers, along with judges, doctors, scientists, novelists, playwrights, war correspondents.

To be sure, a few of the "equal-rights" militants still resent the protective social legislation for women, on the ground that to single them out for protection is to doom them to a subordinate role. But there can be no question of the glowing victories won in the successive cycles of emancipation. That is her dilemma. What disturbs her most is a doubt that what she wants most is her rights. However important the legal and economic struggle, it has brought no ease to her unquiet spirit and her turmoil of mind, and so her heart is not in it.

I do not mean to underplay her effect in humanizing the rigors of a society bent on power and acquisitiveness. The great achievements in the history of American reform movements—in civil service, prison reform, labor and social-security legislation, temperance, social case work, settlement houses, slum clearance and housing, public health and movements for international organization—have owed their patience, passion, and compassion to women. No small part of the great role Eleanor Roosevelt played in history was to help keep the power aspects of the New Deal in perspective within the human aspects. Kept out of the full stream of American power expression, the women often had a capacity few men develop to insulate themselves against the ruthlessness of an expanding young nation. Although Hawthorne was contemptuous of the "damned mob of scribbling women," Henry Adams later said grudgingly, "I suspect that women are the only readers—five to one—and that one's audience must be created among them." It is the view of most American college teachers that the girl students keep alive the flame of the liberal-arts education. American music and literature depend largely upon women for an audience.

In a society tending to grow more

(Continued on page 60)

THE LADY'S CHOICE

There are no purdahs or travois in the American woman's existence. She lives and works in freedom, not only from ancient social taboos but also from the crushing physical labor and the exhaustion of overfrequent childbirths that were so long her sex's lot.

The young filly starts out in curlers and blue-jeans, jargon and dance-steps and Elvis.

After college she settles down with husband and babies in a suburb or a small town.

Sometimes, when children and mate are gone, she keeps house alone somewhere in Florida.

Or she makes a career of her sex . . .

Or she marries a modern farmer.

Or she takes a secretarial job, and then waits.

Or a poor city dweller in a worn, old tenement.

Or she prefers executive duty. . . .

Or she divorces a rich one, and carries on in high style.

One of the finest painters alive is Georgia O'Keeffe, whose austere and decisive work, which has been famous for forty years, stands in the strongest American tradition.

Perhaps the most beloved woman in the world, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt steadied her husband in his crises, and lives on to steady as much of poor and unhappy mankind as she has time in the day, and personal energy, to work for.

—SR Drawings by Paul Orban.

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—*Erich Hartmann.*

James Gould Cozzens.

—*Scotnews, Glasgow.*

T. S. Eliot.

—*Walker Evans.*

James Agee.

A Bookseller's Fall Forecast

By LILLIAN H. FRIEDMAN,
buyer, Brentano's Inc.

IT will be no problem to find a new book this Fall. Paper and ink are still being manufactured. The binderies and the publishers still operate. Authors continue to scribble. The result: thousands of books will come out in the next twelve weeks. There will be books for you and books for the man next door, books you'll love and books you'd hate if you read them, books you'll start and never finish and books in which you'll be lost and drowned. There will be books to look at, books to learn from, books you'll never forget, and books you'll never think of again once you finish the last page. Here, then, are small notes about only a few of the many that are coming—notes calculated to help you make your own selections.

There are novels by the big names: "By Love Possessed," by James Gould Cozzens, a story of an honorable man who does dishonorable things but somehow ends up even more honorable, though not righteous; "Atlas Shrugged," by Ayn Rand, author of "The Fountainhead," in which the author's intense and passionate and almost fanatic creed and view of America might well turn out to be the belief of hundreds of thousands of other Americans who are sure to read it; "To America With Love," by Kathleen Winsor, a novel about California and the Depression; and "The Edge of Darkness," by Mary Ellen Chase, who writes quietly and coolly about a town and its people in Maine. Less serious and full of wit and laughter, as well as irony and joy, are "The Woman of My Life," by Ludwig Bemelmans, in which Paris's richest bachelor seeks his one and only love, and, *voila*, she turns out to be an American, and "The Secret of Major Thompson," another from Pierre Daninos, wherein Her Majesty's first citizen and his French wife and friends visit England and America. Oh, how we baffle and mystify and bewilder these French and English visitors, and yet charm them too.

There's nothing quite like the excitement of coming upon a book and suddenly having it explode at you and fill you with wonder. Such a book is "A Death in the Family," coming in November. James Agee, who died before the book was entirely finished, has captured (as has not been done for a long time) life and love and death as they impinge upon the world of a child and as they are seen through the eyes of a child. It is a simple, precise story of the sudden death of a father, written with much beauty, truth, and poetry—the kind of poetry that, having the quality of everyday speech and thought, has great beauty and a deep sadness. You will be moved by "A Death in the Family," and in reading it you'll find yourself recalling and remembering a lot of things you didn't even know you had forgotten.

A novel by an unknown is "The Savage Place," by Leon Arden. This is a first novel and you'll feel a sense of discovery. There is harsh writing that hardly shows any tenderness as it explores the wildness that can exist in a seemingly normal mind. It is bitter, never sweet, and essentially tragic.

There are lots of books to look at and laugh over: "The Esquire Cartoon Album," the fattest collection yet from that magazine which once seemed so young and brash; the "Gluyas Williams Gallery," more cartoons by a master of the simple line, accompanying pieces by top humorists; "Eloise in Paris," by Kay Thompson, another about *l'enfant formidable;* "Night Crawlers," by Charles Addams, whose cartoons can be compared to no one's. There are "Alarms and Diversions," by James Thurber, who himself says, "If my other books are lost or burned, this one will represent well enough what I have been up to since I came of age"; "Holiday in France," selected by Bemelmans, decorated by Bemelmans, and full of love letters to Paris and France by Colette, S. J. Perelman, Andre Maurois, Irwin Shaw, John Steinbeck, and others; and "C'est La Vie," the best of Chaval, France's well known cartoonist whose work appears in *Paris-Match.*

THIS is being written at the end of a week in which 120,000 New Yorkers woke up before 6:30 A.M., not to catch a train, not to do kneebends, not to turn over to the other side and not to pray, but rather to sit in the dark dawn before their TV sets and participate in a Course on Comparative Literature. The first author discussed during the week for a half-hour daily was Stendhal, and the book "The Red

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and the Black." That author, writing in the 1830s, realizing his books were not being read, said his work would come into its own a hundred or more years later. He would be pleased to know that all New York bookstores during those five days sold thousands of copies of the book about Julien Sorel and probably more copies were bought and read this past week than had been bought during Stendhal's lifetime. And now we are to have the pleasure of reading his "Roman Journal," translated by Haakon Chevalier and illustrated with color illustrations that reproduce beautiful nineteenth-century prints. All he felt and saw in Italy, all its sights and sounds and smells and wonder, all the grandeur of the country he loved more than any other are set down here, as freshly and urgently as if it were written today.

OF MEMORIES and journals and biographies there seems to be no end this year. There is "Testament," by Frank Lloyd Wright, illustrated with drawings and photographs. Written as he lives, strongly, directly and forcefully, it puts before us Wright's life, the essence of his ideas, and even all his memories. Wright's first reading of Victor Hugo, the road that led to Chicago—and to the meeting and venture with the architect Louis Sullivan—all pointed the way to the emergence of Frank Lloyd Wright as not only an architect on his own but also as a pioneer, a mover, and a shaker. We see the beauty of the first drawing he made in 1888, which won him his first job, and the last drawings are as recent as this year, including several still unexecuted fabulous projects such as a building to be 528 stories high, made of glass and gold-colored metal. "Testament" is a fascinating and intensely personal journal and record of a bizarre and courageous life.

How much could be packed into a short life in the nineteenth century? To be at one time one of the world's most inspired actresses, the rage of Paris and Europe, and the mistress of princes (having first started as a peddler's daughter and dying well before forty) took some doing, and it was all done by Rachel, the French actress whose story is told by March Cost in "I, Rachel." Sometimes the best biographies turn out to be the ones about the lives of crackpots, non-conformists, dreamers and magnificent failures. Stewart H. Holbrook has produced just such a biography with his "Dreamers of the American Dream." Woven into one continuing piece are those lives that accomplished much or missed completely. You'll read about inventors, labor leaders, abolitionists, suffragettes, thinkers and utopian builders who shaped and formed the country.

Perhaps the best way to know a life is through the words uttered during that lifetime. If these words are put together as pleas in a court of law, in debates or in speeches, they assume a permanence and life of their own that goes on and on down the years. "Attorney for the Damned," edited by Arthur Weinberg, gives full and magnificent vigor to the words of Clarence Darrow. He seemed to have defended everybody: Communist Party officials in the 1920s, trade unionists, Negro anti-segregationists, "thrill killers" Loeb and Leopold, as well as himself when accused of bribing a juror. He cross-examined William Jennings Byran in the Scopes trial on Darwin's theory and he once gave a speech to the inmates of an Illinois prison that is startling, wonderful, humorous, and wise. He was a man of fire, touched with a vision, and he had great compassion for the doomed and the underdog and the hated.

The art books are more beautiful than ever and they cover all times and all places. There are "Early Medieval Painting," by Carl Nordenfalk and Andre Grabar; "Flemish Painting: The Century of Van Eyck," with text by Jacques Lassaigne; "Three Hundred Years of American Painting," by Alexander Eliot, Art Editor of *Time* Magazine, which is somehow American history too; "Ben Shahn: His Graphic Art," by James Thrall Soby, which contains a tipped-in original signed print by the artist; "The Picture History of Painting," with a text by H. W. Janson and D. J. Janson, being exactly as the title suggests, art through the ages, and several books on German art, about which little has been heard these past twenty-odd years: "The German Expressionists: A Generation in Revolt," by Bernard Myers; "German Expressionist Painting," by Peter Selz; and "Modern German Painters," by H. K. Rothel.

History can be read in many different ways and one of the most pleasant surely is to read about the people and places that made or changed it. A set of books called "People, Places, Things, and Ideas" is exciting in the way it takes you around the world in almost any century that you'd have chosen to make the trip, from the past to the present or backwards or sidewards, criss-crossing centuries if you like. You can meet people as diverse as Napoleon, Kublai Khan, John Stuart Mill, Tamerlane, Shaw, or Chekhov. You can travel to Ajaccio when Napoleon lived there, to Vesuvius when it erupted, to Lima when it was the city of kings; you can find out about the first airplane or the first zipper, gunpowder, kilts, or hour-glasses, and as for ideas, whether you like them living or fossil-dead, whether you are interested in the ones that move us now or the ones that once shook millions, or whether you believe with Coleridge, "that the wise merely possess ideas, whereas the rest of us are possessed by them," you'll find hundreds of ideas dramatically set out here.

Or there is history as it is set down in "The Book of Great Historic Places," by the editors of the American Heritage, which describes and illustrates over two thousand historic sites, divided into geographic sections. Or you can read a history of nineteenth-century England, Italy, Switzerland and Greece by reading Leslie Marchand's tremendous three-volume biography of "Byron," including Byron as poet, Byron as a member of the House of Lords, Byron as a husband and a lover, Byron hated and Byron loved, Byron scorned or Byron hailed as a genius. And in volume 3 of his History of the English Speaking Peoples, "The Age of Revolution 1688-1815," Sir Winston Churchill writes of England's advance to the status of world power. His heroes during this period are Marlborough and the elder Pitt.

THE lists are long. There are books on sports and circuses and gardening and glass and birds and music, politics and archery. There are books on every subject that could possibly be written about, and for every subject somewhere there are people who are interested in knowing about it. There will be the first book of criticism by T. S. Eliot in a long time, "On Poetry and Poets," and for those that like pot-pourri books, there's "Reading for Pleasure," by Bennett Cerf, containing the familiar, the new, the old, all selected because they give pleasure, and collected by a man who would rather read than eat. There is "The Saturday Review Treasury," selected by the Editors of *SR* from three decades. It has essays, articles, poems, and cartoons from Sherwood Anderson to Walter White, with Sartre, Einstein, H. G. Wells, Arthur Koestler, Somerset Maugham, or Thomas Wolfe and many others in between.

This is a mere glance at the Fall and Winter publishing calendar. What happens to all these books rests with the public. It is the public which makes a book live or die by its acceptance or rejection.

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An Autumn's Harvest of Books

Selected for SR *by Leading Book-Critics*

Each year at this time the Editors of The Saturday Review *ask book-editors of the country's leading newspapers to name the books which most deserve the attention of discriminating readers. Their selections follow:*

Fiction

TWENTY-FOUR VOTES

BY LOVE POSSESSED. *By James Gould Cozzens. Harcourt, Brace.* $5.
The brilliant, complex novel about two days in the life of a middle-aged, respectable lawyer. Pulitzer Prize-winner Cozzens creates an entire world in which he explores love in all its myriad facets. (Barkham, Bond, Bradley, Cross, de Morinni, Dolbier, Douglas, Emmart, Hass, Hogan, Hutchens, Kogan, Little, Lucchese, McManis, Molyneux, Nichols, O'Neill. Perkin, T. B. Sherman, J. K. Sherman, Tinkle, Troy, Wyllie.)

TEN VOTES

ATLAS SHRUGGED. *By Ayn Rand. Random House.* $6.95.
A weighty (1,168 pages) novel by the author of "The Fountainhead" tells of tycoons, magnates and a strong-minded beauty who runs a railroad. It all takes place in some future time when free enterprise is no more. (Babcock, Barkham, Bradley, Bond, Flowers, Herzberg, Little, Perkin, Smith, Tinkle.)

FIVE VOTES

JUSTINE. *By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton.* $3.50.
The old pleasure-and-pain principle reiterated in a poetic novel of libertine life in modern Alexandria. (Dolbier, Hutchens, Troy, Wyllie, Yeiser.)

THREE VOTES

THE EDGE OF DARKNESS. *By Mary Ellen Chase. Norton.* $3.50.
The death of Sarah Holt, village matriach, causes crises in the lives of many who knew her in this story about a Maine fishing hamlet. (Douglas, Smith, Snajdr.)

TWO VOTES

THE BATTLE OF CASSINO. *By Fred Majdalany. Houghton Mifflin.* $4.
An absorbing military account of the 1944 battle on the road to Rome, by an infantryman. (Hutchens, Molyneux.)

DOMESTIC RELATIONS. *By Frank O'Connor. Knopf.* $3.50.
Fifteen short stories, well-constructed and a-lilting with Irish prose. (Kogan, Wyllie.)

ON THE ROAD. *By Jack Kerouac. Viking.* $3.95.
Young novelist Salvatore Paradise hitchhikes his rambling way through this experimental novel in the "hip" tradition of the "beat" generation. (Cross, Troy.)

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS. *By Max Shulman. Doubleday.* $3.50.
A laugh-out-loud book about a guided missile base in Connecticut, by the author of "Barefoot Boy with Cheek." (Little, J. K. Sherman.)

THE UNFORGIVEN. *By Alan LeMay. Harper.* $4.
A sturdy Western novel about the Texas Panhandle of the 1870s and the cattle-drivers of the Lone Star State. (McManis, Nichols.)

THE VELVET HORN. *By Andrew Lytle. McDowell, Obolensky.* $3.95.
A saga of a family after the Civil War. (Douglas, T. B. Sherman.)

THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG. *By Richard Mason. World.* $3.95.
An English painter and a Chinese prostitute in exotic Hong Kong. (McManis, Nichols.)

Non-Fiction

TWELVE VOTES

THE AGE OF REVOLUTION. *By Winston S. Churchill. Dodd, Mead.* $6.
Sir Winston's massive "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples" is continued in this third volume. (Barkham, Bond, Bradley, Cross, Douglas, Hass, McManis, Molyneux, Nichols, Nordell, Smith, Snajdr.)

NINE VOTES

THE KING RANCH. *By Tom Lea. Little, Brown.* 2 vols. $17.50.
This impressive history, handsomely illustrated, of Texas's largest ranch records an exciting period in the frontier life of the old West. (Babcock, Bond, Bradley, Flowers, Hogan, Little, Lucchese, McManis, Tinkle.)

EIGHT VOTES

THE REFORMATION. *By Will Durant. Simon & Schuster.* $7.50.
"The Story of Civilization" series continues with the social, political, and religious history of the turbulent years from Wyclif to Calvin. (Bradley, Cady, Cross, Flowers, Herzberg, O'Neill, Perkin, T. B. Sherman.)

SEVEN VOTES

LEFTOVER LIFE TO KILL. *By Caitlin Thomas. Little, Brown. AMP.* $4.50.
Dylan Thomas's widow reveals some of her frantic life with the poet, but this journal is more concerned with her exile to Elba in the wild and grievous year following his death. (Barkham, Bradley, de Morinni, Dolbier, Hass, Kogan, Little.)

FOUR VOTES

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY. *By Clifton Fadiman. World.* $5.
These collected essays emphasize individuality in any guise as Mr. Fadiman roams from talk of cheese to Tolstoy. (Lucchese, Nordell, Perkin, J. K. Sherman.)

ALBERT GALLATIN. *By Raymond Walters, Jr. Macmillan.* $7.
An impressive biography of the Jeffersonian financier-diplomat whose long career of public service coincided with the early years of the republic. (Cady, Flowers, Molyneux, Tinkle.)

THE NEW CLASS. *By Milovan Djilas. Praeger.* $4.
Tito's former Vice President, now imprisoned, has written a spirited indictment of Communism, as it is practiced within the USSR and as it continues as a political philosophy. (Hutchens, Nichols, Nordell, J. K. Sherman.)

READING FOR PLEASURE. *Selected by Bennet Cerf. Harper.* $4.95.
An anthology of fiction and non-fiction from Stephen Potter to Faulkner, with the express purpose of delighting the reader. (Babcock, Bond, Herzberg, Hogan.)

THREE VOTES

BARUCH: MY OWN STORY. *By Bernard Baruch. Holt.* $5.
Financier, "adviser to presidents," Baruch sits back and tells the story of his life and his fortune. (Douglas, Lucchese, McManis.)

THE DEMOCRATIC ROOSEVELT. *By Rexford G. Tugwell. Doubleday.* $8.50.
A member of the original Brain Trust speaks out in an absorbing addition to the Roosevelt bookshelf. (Kogan, O'Neill, Snajdr.)

ON POETRY AND POETS. *By T. S. Eliot. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $4.50.
Brilliant, scholarly essays (from the past thirty years) which discuss Goethe, Milton, and Vergil. (Emmart, Herzberg, Troy.)

THE VANISHING HERO. *By Sean O'Faolain. Little, Brown.* $3.75.
Literary essays about novels and novelists of the Twenties and about the concept of the anti-social hero in fiction. (Tinkle, Troy, Wyllie.)

TWO VOTES

DREAMERS OF THE AMERICAN DREAM. *By Stewart Holbrook. Doubleday.* $5.75.
The thinkers and visionaries who helped to build America are discussed in an intellectual history that pairs nicely with the author's "Age of the Moguls." (Babcock, Hogan.)

ISLAM INFLAMED. *By James Morris. Pantheon.* $5.
The Muslim Middle East interpreted and explained in a solid account that answers many questions about the current Suez situation. (Dolbier, O'Neill.)

THE LOUISVILLE STORY. *By Omer Carmichael and Weldon James. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
Superintendent of Schools Carmichael and Louisville *Courier-Journal* editor James report temperately on desegregation in that city's schools (de Morinni, T. B. Sherman.)

SAINTE-BEUVE. *By Harold Nicholson. Doubleday.* $5.
The nineteenth-century French literary critic as he is summed up with the wit and clarity that one has come to expect of writer-diplomat Nicholson. (Emmart, Nichols.)

SELECTED LETTERS OF WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAM. *Edited by John C. Thirlwall. McDowell, Obolensky.* $5.
Collected letters of the New Jersey poet-physician. (Nordell, Yeiser.)

SOUTH FROM GRANADA. *By Gerald Brenan. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $4.
Life in an Alpujarran village described in loving and poetic detail by the author of "Face of Spain." (Dolbier, Emmart.)

JEB STUART. *By Burke Davis. Rinehart.* $6.
"The Last Cavalier" and second-in-command to General Lee is the subject of this authoritative biography of one of the Confederacy's most courageous leaders. (Bond, Kogan.)

TALENTS AND GENIUSES. *By Gilbert Highet. Oxford.* $5.
Dr. Highet's radio talks make a sprightly miscellany on such subjects as cave dwelling, Colette, and Hollywood. (de Morinni, Hass.)

THE WORLD OF JOHN McNULTY. *By John McNulty. Doubleday.* $4.50.
Collected pieces by the late *New Yorker* magazine writer. (Cross, Hogan.)

THE thirty-two critics who participated in *SR*'s tenth annual fall book poll:

FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
PEGGY DE MORINNI, *Buffalo Courier Express*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *New York Herald Tribune*
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
A. D. EMMART, *Baltimore Sun*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
MAX HERZBERG, *Newark Evening & Sunday News*
WILLIAM HOGAN, *San Francisco Chronicle*
JOHN K. HUTCHENS, *New York Herald Tribune*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun-Times*
CARL VICTOR LITTLE, *Houston Press*
SAM F. LUCCHESE, *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*
JOHN MCMANIS, *Detroit News*
ROBERT MOLYNEUX, *Pittsburgh Press*
LUTHER NICHOLS, *San Francisco Examiner*
ROD NORDELL, *Christian Science Monitor*
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
ROBERT L. PERKIN, *Denver Rocky Mountain News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
GEORGE TROY, *Providence Journal*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Life at Andersonville

THESE 18,454 men were cooped up on less than thirteen acres of ground, making about fifteen hundred to the acre. No room could be given up for streets or for the usual arrangements of a camp, and most kinds of exercise were wholly precluded. The men crowded together like pigs nesting in the wood on cold nights. The ground, despite all our efforts, became indescribably filthy, and this condition grew rapidly worse as the season advanced and the sun's rays gained fervency. . . .

With the warm weather the condition of the swamp in the center of the prison became simply horrible. We hear so much nowadays of blood-poisoning from the effluvia of sinks and sewers that, reading this, I wonder how a man inside the stockade, into whose nostrils came a breath of that noisomeness, escaped being carried off by a malignant typhus.

In the slimy ooze were billions of white maggots. They would crawl out by thousands on the warm sands and, lying there a few minutes would sprout a wing or pair of them. With these they would essay a clumsy flight, ending by dropping down upon some exposed portion of a man's body and stinging him like a gadfly. Still worse, they would drop into what he was cooking. The utmost care could not prevent a mess of food from being contaminated with them. All the water we had to use was that in the creek which flowed through this seething mass of corruption and received its sewerage. How pure the water was when it came into the stockade was a question. We always believed that it received the drainage from the camps of the guards a half mile away. A road was made across the swamp, along the Dead Line at the west side where the creek entered the pen. Those getting the water would go to this spot and reach as far up the stream as possible to get water that was least filthy.

As they could reach nearly to the Dead Line, this furnished an excuse to such of the guards as were murderously inclined to fire upon them. I think I hazard nothing in saying that for weeks at least one man a day was killed at this place. The murders became monotonous; there was a dreadful sameness to them. A gun would crack and looking up we would see, still smoking, the muzzle of the musket of one of the guards on either side of the creek. At the same instant would rise a piercing shriek from the man struck, now floundering in the creek in his death agony. Then thousands of throats would yell out curses and denunciations, shouting, "O! give the rebel son of a bitch a furlough!" It was our belief that every guard who killed a Yankee was rewarded with a thirty-day furlough.

—*From "This Was Andersonville," a journal by John McElroy; edited by Roy Meredith (to be published next month by McDowell, Obolensky).*

On Looking Backward

TO REVISIT the scenes of one's past is always to invite some small form of disaster, whether it be in the disparity between actuality and memory or in the hopeless longing for a time that is dead, and that should be dead, if one is to advance in life at all. The best example I know of it in literature is in Jane Welsh Carlyle's return to Haddington when she was a woman of forty. It is odd that I read this first, or a shortened version of it, in a school Reading Primer, when I can have been no more than twelve. The name of Jane Welsh Carlyle meant nothing to me then, and what importance the passage had for me lay in itself, in its own power, its own evocativeness. Yet when I came on it again (and I was forty then), I knew at first glance that I had read this before, that I had liked it, that it was something that held significance for me. I had other meanings added to it now, but all the old values as I remembered them were still there.

It is in that passage that Jane describes herself as "slipping away from her own friends" like a knotless thread. The "knot" is the thing that ties one to that world, to that life, that holds one in one's place there. Once it has gone, the thread escapes. I feel it in London today, when I go back there. I walk the old streets, I go back past all the houses in which I have ever

"Not *the* Commander Whitehead!"

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lived, and I am looking always for the thing that I know I shall not find. At almost every corner, in almost every street, there are memories for me. "That is where So-and-So used to live." But So-and-So is living there no longer; there is hardly a house in London that holds its old residents of thirty years ago; it becomes a city of ghosts that I am revisiting. It still draws me; I cannot go back to it without revisiting the West Hampstead streets; and I am struggling only to revisit my own youth.

—From "The Widening Circle," by John Van Druten (Scribner).

Marriage à la Mode

THINK of the happy marriages you know about. How many of the ladies are still wearing size twelve? I've been giving this a lot of thought in the last twenty minutes, and I have been examining the marriages in my own troubled circle. More than that, I have taken a cross section of the divorcees. (Cross? My dear, they were irate!) What I have discovered —attention, Beauty Editors everywhere!—is that the women who are being ditched are one and all willowy, wand-like, and slim as a blade. In fact, six of them require extensive padding even to look flat-chested.

That the fourteen divorcees, or about-to-be divorcees, whom I happen to know personally are thin may be nothing more than a coincidence. Or it may just prove that men don't divorce fat wives because they imagine that the poor, plump dears will never locate *another* husband and they'll be paying alimony to the end of their days. (I mention this possibility, but my heart's not in it.)

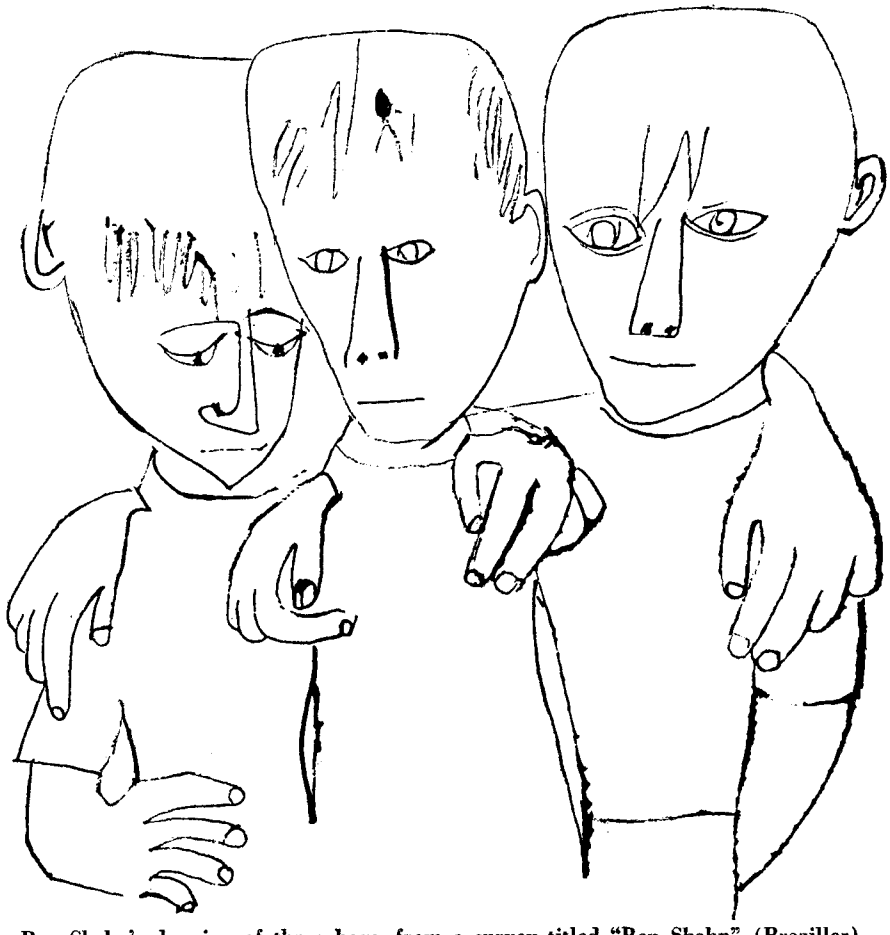
The real reason, I believe, that men hang onto their well-endowed spouses is because they're comfy and nice to have around the house. In a marriage there is nothing that stales so fast as physical beauty—as we readers of *Modern Screen* have observed. What actually holds a husband through thick and thin is a girl who is fun to be with. And any girl who has had nothing to eat since nine o'clock this morning but three hard-boiled eggs will be about as jolly and companionable as an income-tax inspector.

—From "Please Don't Eat the Daisies," by Jean Kerr (to be published next month by Doubleday).

On Blindness

A POET once said I must be happy because I did not see the bare, cold present, but lived in a beautiful dream. I do live in a beautiful dream; but that dream is the actual, the present—not cold, but warm; not bare, but furnished with a thousand blessings. The very evil which the poet supposed would be a cruel disillusionment is necessary to the fullest knowledge of joy. Only by contact with evil could I have learned to feel by contrast the beauty of truth and love and goodness.

—From "The Open Door," by Helen Keller (to be published in December by Doubleday).



Ben Shahn's drawing of three boys, from a survey titled "Ben Shahn" (Braziller).

Private Allen in New York

PRIVATE JOHN ALLEN was invited to New York to address the American Banker's Association. He said, "I don't know why they invited me to address such an august body, but I put $80.00 in my pocket and got on the train and went to New York. They told me before I left home to come to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, so I did. I walked up to the clerk and told him who I was and he said, 'Mr. Allen, we have a nice suite of rooms reserved for you, the bell boy will show you to them.'

"Well, I went up to my rooms and after a while I decided I would go down in the lobby and look around awhile.

"I walked up to the clerk and said, 'Sir, you have a mighty nice place here, all this fine furniture, rugs, drapery, chandeliers, etc. I would like to look around a little.' He said, 'I'll be glad to show you our place.' We came to a suite of rooms that was about equal to the one that I had and I said, 'My friend, if I am not too inquisitive, how much do you get for a suite of rooms like this?' The clerk said: 'One hundred dollars a day.' Well, I didn't say anything but I thought, 'My god, I can't stand that, my $80.00 will be gone before tonight.'

"When we got back to the lobby I went immediately to the Western Union Telegraph office and sent myself a telegram in care of the Waldorf-Astoria. I went back and sat down to wait. In a few minutes I was paged, 'Telegram for Mr. Allen, telegram for Mr. Allen.' I answered the boy and he gave me the telegram. I opened it and read as if I was surprised. I went to the clerk and handed him the telegram and told him I was awfully sorry that I had to leave and that I would not be able to stay with them, but my Aunt Sally had found out that I was in New York and that I simply must come out and stay with her while I was there. The clerk read the telegram and it said, 'John I will be angry with you

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The "Mogul Suite" (a 2-6-0 wheel arrangement devised in 1863), from Beebe and Clegg's "The Age of Steam" (Rinehart).

if you do not stay at my house. Signed, Aunt Sally.'

"I said to the clerk, 'How much do I owe you for the short time I've been here?' To which he replied, 'Not a thing, sir, the American Bankers Association has already paid for your suite of rooms for three days.' You can imagine how I felt at hearing this."

—From "A Treasury of American Anecdotes," by B. A. Botkin (to be published next month by Random House).

The Fun of Palindromes

THERE are a good many words that spell the same backwards as forwards; they are known as palindromes, a word derived from the Greek *palin* (backwards) and *dromos* (running)—a very appropriate term.

Palindromes of three, four or five letters are fairly common, but rapidly become less so as the number of letters increases. Here are a few examples—

3. BOB—DID—EKE—GAG—NUN—PIP—TOT.

4. DEED—NOON—PEEP—SEES.

5. CIVIC — LEVEL — MADAM — MINIM—REFER—TENET.

6. REDDER—HANNAH.

7. DEIFIED—REVIVER.

Adam is credited with having invented the first palindromic sentence. We are told that Deity plunged him into a deep sleep prior to extracting a rib wherewith to make him a helpmate. When he awoke, Adam to his amazement found Eve by his side; having no one to introduce him he politely bowed and said,

MADAM I'M ADAM.

Napoleon, as he paced the shores of Elba in 1814, is said to have lamented—

ABLE WAS I ERE I SAW ELBA.

Probably the two following palindromes are the longest in English, each containing no fewer than thirty-six letters—

NO, IT IS OPPOSED, ART SEES TRADE'S OPPOSITION

and

DOG AS A DEVIL DEIFIED, LIVED AS A GOD

These are certainly clever, but the shorter ones usually possess more spice. Here are a few more arranged generally in order of increasing length—

NOW ON
DON'T NOD
NO, IT IS OPPOSITION
I, MAN, AM REGAL, A GERMAN AM I
A MAN, A PLAN, A CANAL—PANAMA
SUMS ARE NOT SET AS A TEST ON ERASMUS

—From "Words: Tricks and Traditions," by N. Newton Friend (Scribner).

Man at His Best

IT MAY be regrettable, but it is true, that the best part of a man generally goes into his work. And, for this reason, a person can be judged more fairly and more accurately by his work than by his social activity.

At a party recently, I observed a man who is an excellent technician in his field. He was making a fool of himself, and an obnoxious fool at that. Only those of us who knew him better were able to discount his social behavior.

In his work, this man is devoted to the pursuit of truth. He is a good and honest craftsman. . . .

As a private personality, Beethoven was an unwholesome and almost repulsive figure. He was mean, penurious, suspicious, and belligerent in most of his personal relationships. Today we would call him an acute neurotic.

Yet in his music Beethoven expressed all the grandeur he was unable to display in any other way. He was courageous, generous, infinitely tender, and unswervingly dedicated to a beauty that was uncorrupted by the need to be popular or fashionable or commercial. . . .

—From "A Majority of One," by Sydney F. Harris (Houghton, Mifflin).

The Youthful Copywriter

IN HIS college days, the copywriter contributed very serious short stories to the campus literary magazine; he attended all-night sessions in which grave questions of style and form were pulled like taffy; he wrote like Hemingway or like Wolfe and dealt out symbols with an open hand. Meanwhile, his friend, the commercial artist of the future, was emulating Picasso, reading the art magazines and breathing in Impressionism, Cubism, and Futurism. But neither of them could ever quite make it.

Now, all of us must leave those good, high times at college and settle into a work-a-day pattern and store world problems behind the kid's runny nose, the leak in the roof, and constipation. But the adman can never escape completely from his youthful pipe dreams. The copy he writes demands a species of imagination devilishly similar to what was required for his serious short stories. The layouts he prepares have many of the elements of his work in the garret. He has the burden not merely of accepting the limitations which fate or free will has placed on his talent, but of rationalizing his present aspirations with those of his youth.

—From "The Clowns of Commerce," by Walter Goodman (Sagamore Press).

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A Little Bit of Dylan Thomas

Four years ago next month the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas, having come to the U. S. to read his poetry in some forty university towns, died suddenly in New York City at the age of thirty-nine. In the few years since that time Thomas's life—and his death—have become the subject of considerable literary interest, much of it engendered by a book entitled "Dylan Thomas in America," written by his friend, John Malcolm Brinnin. Since Mr. Brinnin's book was considered by many readers to deal harshly with the poet's widow, the publication of Mrs. Thomas's own memoirs has long been awaited. Now, with the appearance of Mrs. Thomas's "Left-over Life to Kill," William Bittner here undertakes to assess her book—and Dylan Thomas's stature as a poet.

By WILLIAM BITTNER

WHEN the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas died a few years ago, recriminations about his dissipation and early death—and against his wife, Caitlin Thomas—resounded back and forth across the Atlantic. John Malcolm Brinnin published a book entitled "Dylan Thomas in America." It was a book of very bad taste, faithfully reporting all the erratic qualities in Dylan, all the ineptitudes of Caitlin Thomas. Now in a book entitled "Leftover Life to Kill" (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 262 pp. $4.50) the poet's wife has—and deserves—her innings in the highly publicized Thomas story. Hers is a breathlessly emotional book and one that deserves attention only because she is who she is; yet for that reason if no other it should be read with passion if we can summon it up, and compassion if we cannot.

The irony is that whoever speaks, speaks for himself, not for Dylan. No one any longer is capable of speaking for Dylan Thomas. Mr. Brinnin had one important thing to say: he attributed Thomas's dissipation to an awareness that his great day as a lyric poet was over. Caitlin, suddenly and horribly bereaved of her husband, lover, and source of love of life, is capable only of showing how empty her life has become because it once was so full. Both of these people fed on the *élan vital* that was Dylan Thomas, and their books are flawed by an unawareness that they—not alone, but in company with stodgy minds everywhere—hampered an artist who might have become great, just as he was about to move into a wonderful new stage of development.

Dylan Thomas suffered the horrible disadvantage of being recognized early in his career. He produced a vast amount of resounding poetry, limited in his output—and income—only by his integrity as artist. Among his works, perhaps a dozen measure up to the masterpieces of English literature. His writings fall into three categories: among the poems, "Fern Hill," "A Refusal to Mourn the Death, by Fire, of a Child in London," and a few others, mostly early but mature verse, are first-class; his prose is probably at its most polished and charming in "A Child's Christmas in Wales"; but he was on his way to a dramatic combination of prose and poetry—a necessary combination for a non-poetic age—that might have put his name up with Peacock and Spenser or even, had he grown equally in spirit, brought him close to Chaucer.

This progress was, with the help of American whiskey and all-night bars, cut short. "Under Milk Wood," for all its greatness, is simply a harbinger of the thing that was to come but never will. Thomas realized, as many of our younger writers, from J. D. Salinger to the brilliant but inartistic young people who write science fiction know, that as children we have an honest and perceptive potentiality to understand and interpret the world happily. Education, earning a living, and caring for our chattels blurs this clear view of reality, and we live distracted by the nonsense of the moment. The quest of Dylan Thomas was for himself with the purity he had as a child, and his greatest although least finished works are represented by "Return Journey" or some other piece in which Dylan then was seeking Dylan of long before. He made knowledge of nostalgia and sense of sentimentality.

The finest work of Dylan Thomas, in another sense, could never have been written. He was the last of the poets of the ear, drunk more with adjectives than with gin, swaying with the music of the English language. He sang, then stopped, and spoken poetry stopped with him.

Now the pieces are to be picked up. Caitlin Thomas, near mad with her loss (but not so mad as to be treated as she was, when she came to carry his body home), has her rejoinder to speak. The conception of her book is worthy of Dylan. With Dylan dead, she was sent with almost enough money collected from poetry lovers, the pretentious, and

—Bill Read.

Dylan and Caitlin Thomas at St. David's Head in Wales—shortly before his death.

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the conscience-ridden, to Elba, a female Napoleon with only her Waterloos to chew upon. She tells of her winter there, her term in the purgatory between the turbulent paradise of living with Dylan and the resignation of living without Dylan. If honesty is describing the world boldly as you see it, her book rings true. Her intolerance of Elban shibboleths, however, reveals that another equally honest account of the events she describes would produce an equal amount of sympathy for those in whose lives she created a cataclysm.

Most interesting to many Americans will probably be her reactions to the generous, admiring, and self-serving people who greeted and treated Dylan in his American journeys. "Francis," who "though he made regular sorties to New York . . . never failed to take the last train home to mother"; "Bertrand," who "carried with him everywhere a suitcase of magic tablets, without which, he assured us, he would magically fall apart and disintegrate"; "Jacob," "our Petrouchka"; "Mr. Lloyd," whom Caitlin can only describe by discussing Mary Lloyd. The astonishing thing is that she has nothing truly unkind to say about any of these, but loves them with a tolerance I can admire but not understand.

She is honest, about the big things, to a point that seems almost masochistic. "Dylan was basely humiliated with the disgusting things he dreaded most," she says; "not one organ in his body working in its own right, without mechanical assistance: intravenal feeding, tubes attached blatantly to each vulnerable shy orifice; the head encased in a transparent tent, pumping oxygen into him; the eyes turned up, bulging, unseeing; the breath roaring like a winded horse pounding up a slope; and no Dylan there, no contact. Only the limp hands lying, separate, speaking to me." Yet writing that passage required such heart that one cannot help admiring her for it.

Most of us did not share the gay, upsetting, paternal, mother-needing, sordid, exalted life Dylan made for Caitlin, nor even the woozy, brilliant, cadging, generous moments when he sat in the back room at the White Horse Tavern or in Goody's Bar. But here in his widow's book is a little bit of Dylan Thomas.

THE LEGENDS OF WASHINGTON IRVING: It is generally known that Washington Irving was one of the first American writers who enjoyed international fame. Widely traveled abroad, received by kings and dukes, for a while even American Envoy Extraordinary at the Court in Madrid, Irving was also the first literary ambassador of the New World. Even after native critics took a somewhat dimmer view of the literary productions of his advanced years, his prestige on the Continent remained high. Since the author of such American classics as "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" was deeply indebted to German folklore, Walter A. Reichart's loving study, entitled **"Washington Irving and Germany"** (University of Michigan Press, $5), will be welcome to scholars of comparative literature.

The following noteworthy facts emerge: 1. "Rip" was a transplantation of the Harz Mountains legends, most particularly the one about Emperor Frederick and the Kyffhäuser; 2. "Sleepy Hollow" was suggested by the Rübezahl legend of the Silesian mountains; 3. both stories were written in England before Irving ever visited Germany, solely on the basis of his reading; 4. Irving's subsequent stay in Germany and Austria during 1822 and 1823 did not stimulate his creative powers although it did contribute somewhat to the author's "Tales of a Traveler." Irving's acquaintance with German life and letters remained superficial and was hampered by linguistic deficiency. It is baffling to contemplate that "the real thing," i.e. the extensive German trip, yielded no literary harvest whereas Irving's previous second-hand information (often only through translation) gave birth to some stories that are, to the unsuspecting reader, as American as apple pie.

—CLAUDE HILL.

THE CASE OF HEINRICH HEINE: Heine scholars have long felt a need for an investigation of the German poet's Jewish background. Was he primarily a Jew who, while living in Paris, more or less incidentally continued to write in German although the main inspirations came from Judaic sources that influenced both his thematic range and stylistic treatment? Or was Heine a German author who felt himself to be part of his nation's culture and attributed little importance to the accident of his Jewish birth? This question, which Israel Tabak discusses in **"Heine and His Heritage"** (Twayne, $4.50), but which per se is of little significance in determining a writer's stature, assumes a certain weight in the case of a poet who was bitterly attacked in his native country and who, by becoming a Christian convert and a French exile, seems to have invited doubts as to his origins and loyalties. Even today, many Germans are unable to evaluate Heine without resentment or bias, and the same could probably be said about devout Jews who primarily see in him the religious renegade.

—*From "Heine: Poet in Exile."*

Heine—"bitterly attacked."

Dr. Tabak brings to his task the double authority of a former President of the Rabbinical Council of America and of a Johns Hopkins doctorate in German literature. He soberly weighs the evidence and systematically records Heine's actual Judaic heritage. According to his carefully substantiated findings, the German poet had the customary religious upbringing of a wealthy upper-bourgeois German-Jewish family until the age of thirteen, later was active for a while in an association devoted to Judaic culture, had a fair knowledge of Hebrew, always remained interested in the history of the Jews, and definitely showed evidence of Talmudic influences in some of his themes and plots as well as in the imagery and figures of his speech.

It seems to this reviewer that Dr. Tabak is somewhat carried away by the implications of his study. Biblical and post-biblical reading has influenced many non-Jewish writers in many countries, and quite a number of the quoted Hebrew and Yiddish words and phrases were (and still are) quite familiar to non-Jewish Germans. If one considers Heine's total literary work, it would rather appear that his Jewish background played a small part in shaping his subject matter and style. Dr. Tabak has carefully assembled his material, but it will require an objective and sensitive Heine scholar to evaluate it properly.

—C. H.

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—Caricature by James Gillray, 1798.—Bettmann.

Jack Tar settles Bonaparte—a late eighteenth-century cartoon.

A Lively Century

"The Age of Revolution," by Winston S. Churchill *(Dodd, Mead. 402 pp. $6), the third volume of a projected four-volume "History of the English-Speaking Peoples," carries the story from the Revolution of 1688 to the end of the Napoleonic Wars. Our reviewer, William B. Willcox, is the author of "Star of Empire: A Study of Britain as a World Power."*

By William B. Willcox

THE third and penultimate volume of Sir Winston Churchill's history carries that statesman-writer's theme of history from England's Glorious Revolution to the end of the Napoleonic Wars. To deal in brief compass with this period of a century and a quarter challenges the skill and insight of any historian: It was not only an age of political revolution; it was also an age of rationalism, of the start of industrialization, of Britain's emergence as a world power.

Through this vast flux England remained socially stable under the rule of an oligarchy that was sophisticated, self-confident, and endowed with enormous gusto. Perhaps because he himself has these qualities in abundance, Churchill has an affinity for the period. His first major historical work was a life of his own ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough; his first major speech as prime minister, in May of 1940, rang with echoes of the younger Pitt. By training and temperament he would seem peculiarly fitted to bring alive the greatness of the eighteenth century.

CHURCHILL selects the events of this volume as discriminatingly as those of its predecessors. His emphasis is still on straightforward narrative—on the *how* of history, with just enough attention to the *why* to make the sequence of events appear reasonable. He is handling the stuff of drama, especially the drama of wars; these he loves, and his enthusiasm is usually contagious. Some readers will not share his delight in relatively minor campaigns, and a few may even feel that his historical taste, like the Duke of Cumberland's conduct, is "outrageously and shockingly military."

But in general the narrative is absorbing. It is peopled with men of talent and punctuated by crises, and for sustained interest it leaves little to be desired. The people: Walpole, Pitt, and Burke among the parliamentarians; Talleyrand and Metternich among the diplomats; Clive, the empire builder; Napoleon, Nelson, and Wellington among the military figures; and, in the New World, Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson.

The major shortcoming of the new Churchill volume is that events are often divorced from the context that gives them meaning. The divorce is particularly evident where it is least to be expected, in descriptions of strategy. Churchill's strategic insight, proved in the world wars of the twentieth century, is not always used on those of the eighteenth. He deals with French conquests after 1793, for example, as if they had been due solely to Allied blundering and to Napoleon's generalship, without ever suggesting that social revolution in France had also revolutionized warfare by the *levée en masse*. An even more surprising gap appears in his treatment of war at sea: in the late 1750s Britain evolved what became her classic strategy of blockading the enemy in European waters, yet he does not mention blockade until the Trafalgar campaign a half-century later. If he were any one less than the Former Naval Person, one might even suspect that he had not yet read Mahan.

A STRUCTURAL difficulty inherent in the title of the series becomes apparent before this volume closes. Sir Winston's focus is on political history, as distinct from cultural or economic; but have the English-speaking peoples a political history? Once the governmental connection between them was broken, each developed in its own way. The historian who attempts to deal with them together is in much the predicament of a circus rider standing on horses that decide to move apart; he can only leap from one to another and back again. This is what Churchill does. His treatment of the United States from 1789 to 1814 comes between the meeting of the Congress of Vienna and Napoleon's return from Elba. The reader follows him, breathing a little hard. But what really breathtaking leaps will be required in the nineteenth century, when the dominions develop histories of their own?

Churchill's center of attention is not the empire but Britain. He is primarily concerned with telling the story of men in action, the political and military action that built a great power. The context of an action concerns him much less: he is not interested in the geography of sea power, or the social conditions that spawned Wolfe Tone's rebellion, or rationalism as a cause of revolution. Consequently the significance of an

(*Continued on page* 57)

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FICTION

Non-Stop Daydream

"Atlas Shrugged," by Ayn Rand *(Random House. 1,168 pp. $6.95), a highly publicized novel by the author of the 1943 best-selling book, "The Fountainhead," offers a tale of big business tycoons and of a strong-minded female railroad vice president—all in a manner which promises to make it one of the most talked-of novels of the season. Our reviewer, Helen Beal Woodward, is the author of "The Bold Women," a collection of sketches of strong-minded women in American history.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

AYN RAND is a writer of dazzling virtuosity. She can write rings around most of those whose job it will be to pass judgment on her extraordinary, newly published 1,168-page story of tycoons, magnates, and of a strong-minded female. She has obviously studied railroading and the steel industry as meticulously as she boned up on architecture for her 1943 runaway best-selling novel, "The Fountainhead." She has real power for creating suspense, a power that can give the reader the momentary illusion that he has picked up a new book by Raymond Chandler or John Masters or Daphne DuMaurier and is about to enjoy himself.

What Miss Rand has written is the equivalent of a fifteenth-century morality play. Everyman, personified by Dagny Taggert, the strong-minded lady Operating Vice President of the Taggart Transcontinental Railroad, and by her lover, Hank Rearden, the steel tycoon, struggles against the forces of evil as represented by the bureaucrats, the scientists who sell their minds to the bureaucrats, and the craven businessmen who string along for fear of honest competition. What Hank and Dagny do not realize is that Evil seeks to destroy them precisely because they are strong and fearless. To outwit Evil the half-legendary hero John Galt cooks up an apocalyptic conspiracy, a "strike of the men of the mind." Hank and Dagny are saved, but not until by their own will they accept salvation.

The author challenges not only the concept of the welfare state but the whole Christian ethic of concern by the strong for the weak—challenges it, what's more, on the score of immorality and its tendency to sap the strong and corrode the human urge toward freedom. For readers willing to go the distance, to re-examine their own convictions, and to put up with the incidental tripe, "Atlas Shrugged" may well be worth wading through. There is no denying that it leaves a powerful, disturbing impression.

But as the shopwindow mannequin exists to display the mink stole, so the stylized vice-and-virtue characters of "Atlas Shrugged" serve as dummies on which to drape the author's ideas. The good guys are easy to tell from the bad guys. The good guys wear flagrantly expensive clothes and drive powerful cars. On foot they swing along effortlessly. Their stomachs are flat, their eyes intense. They have high cheekbones and a deep tan. As for the bad guys, they can be detected instantly by their posture—they slump—or their mouths. To a man they have soft, sullen mouths with a lower lip either moist or petulant. The bad guys have been to college and are proud of it. Their stomachs protrude. Their parties are rituals of boredom and even when they commit adultery they do so without interest, as though "performing an expected routine."

Miss Rand also throws away her considerable gifts for writing by fixing her reader with a glittering eye and remorselessly impressing upon him her convictions. These range from a hatred of Robin Hood as "the most immoral and the most contemptible" of all human symbols to a belief in a kind of chrome-plated *laissez faire*. Much of it is persuasive. It is good to be reminded that achievement is more valuable than "adjustment"; that men have free will and rational minds; that they don't have to be ciphers or slatterns (though the effect of this message on me was to make me want to paint woodwork instead of sitting around reading a 1,168-page novel). But Miss Rand is undone by her prolixity and her incontinence. She sets up one of the finest assortments of straw men ever demolished in print, and she cannot refrain from making her points over and over. Dagny and her big-businessmen friends are forever listening with fresh, incredulous horror to the most vicious statements they have ever heard or the most despicable statement a man can make. At one point the book stops dead for sixty pages while the hero makes what purports to be a three-hour radio speech rehashing everything that has been thought or mouthed by the author's puppets throughout the previous 1,100 pages.

—*Phyllis Cerf.*

Ayn Rand—"morality play."

The book is shot through with hatred. Miss Rand hates moralists and mystics and income taxes and the people who think that billboards deface scenery. She hates professors, "the soft, safe assassins of college classrooms," and evangelists who preach love and self-sacrifice. She hates Communism and (though she does not name it) Christianity. She sets up a grisly railroad wreck in which a whole raft of her least favorite people are gloatingly asphyxiated. She particularly hates altruists and bureaucrats; in fact, she envisions nothing less than the Armageddon of businessman and bureaucrat. (Interestingly enough her solution for the country's problems, pending Armageddon, is just such a solution as a nineteenth-century altruist would have doted on: a small, controlled utopia.) Altogether this is a strange, overwrought book. Take away the philosophical furbelows and what have you got? Something of a mystery, something of a thriller, but basically a great big non-stop day-dream, the one in which you, as a girl, saw yourself moving effortlessly through a man's world, running a railroad with one hand while with the other you reduced men to panting adoration.

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Chaste Whimsey

"The Woman of My Life," by Ludwig Bemelmans *(Viking. 218 pp. $3.50), is the whimsical story of the life and loves of a fictional fellow named the Duc de Montfort-Lamoury, as told by one of the country's best-known humorous writers.*

By Ben Ray Redman

THE unique and unpredictable Mr. Bemelmans — whose finest hours were almost certainly spent within the walls of the Hotel Splendide—has, with the publication of a tale entitled "The Woman of My Life," given us another bizarre little book that could have come only from his whimsical mind and pen. This time it is the sad but hilarious story of the Duc de Montfort-Lamoury, told by himself by means of monologue and memoirs. The Duc inherited from his father vast wealth and estates in many countries, but he did not inherit his father's concupiscent disposition, and thereby hangs the tale that Bemelmans has to tell. It may be described as a prolonged strip-tease, the question being not when a final G-string will be dropped, but when the Duc will at last be stripped of his virginity.

The Duc's father wished to make a man of him at an early age, and to that end, when the lad Armand was seventeen, sent him to a *maison de tolérance*. Indeed, he sent him to two such *maisons*, the second establishment being rather more forthright and less exclusive than the first. But bashful Armand, refusing to do his duty, made sure that nothing happened. Or, rather, something did happen at the second brothel. The irrepressible girls assaulted him, undressed him, and decorated him with a large pink bow. This experience reduced him to nausea, his mother was sent for, she took him home, and a year and a half followed during which he neither seemed to live nor wished to live. In his own words, "this experience left me in a state close to catalepsy . . . I was scared of women. There was a period of ten years during which I had no desire to go near a woman again and even avoided places in which they worked or which they frequented." But there were to be plenty of women in his life thereafter—a parade of them.

When the old Duc died Armand inherited, along with the vast fortune, three men of business who had managed all his father's affairs. These gentlemen bore the interesting names

—From "The Woman of My Life."

Portrait of "The Woman"

of Couzouglou, Spontini, and Lièvre. They were all three of them titled, disreputable, and insatiable hunters of women. Spontini was also a born pander. Well aware of Armand's virginal condition, he was determined to rectify it, and he went about his task with vigor and ingenuity. Beautiful woman after beautiful woman was thrown in Armand's way, and in every case he fell for beauty but retreated before the ultimate challenge of sex. The most charming of these women was a young girl whom he did not owe to Spontini; he found her for himself in no less unlikely place than the cemetery of Père-Lachaise, he chastely educated her to be his bride, and he saw her married in his great ancestral castle to his godson. The episode in which she figures is the most delightful portion of the book.

WHEN we take leave of him or he takes leave of us, Armand is in love again but still a virgin. He is sailing for New York aboard the liner *United States*, with "the woman of my life." She is Evelyn, an American with beautiful legs, educated at Harvard Business School, who manages the Duc de Montfort-Lamoury as if he were a child—which, indeed, he is. They are to be married aboard ship. But I would not put it beyond him to jump overboard at the climactic moment.

There is little to laugh aloud at in this book, unless a pink bow can move one to such laughter, but there is a steady flow of humor that is pure Bemelmans. "The Woman of My Life" is no more a fit subject of criticism than is a butterfly, living for a day. Whether it will please or displease will depend on a reader's tastes, and even on his passing mood.

The When of It

"Summer in Salandar," by H. E. Bates *(Atlantic—Little, Brown. 241 pp. $3.50), is a collection of short stories about male-female relationships, written by a seasoned British author.*

By William Peden

H. E. BATES, a thoroughly seasoned British literary campaigner, has steadily published fiction which makes the work of many of his contemporaries seem either slightly amateurish or pretentious. He has always been preoccupied with basic man-woman relationships and their usually disastrous outcomes, and his present collection of short stories entitled "Summer in Salandar," whose settings range from a sun-baked, semi-tropical island to the countryside within commuting distance of London, contains no exceptions. They center around traditional, almost cliché situations: the shipping clerk of the title story is irresistably drawn to the disturbing young woman who turns up in Salandar during the off-season; a fortyish, nearsighted lover of horses becomes infatuated with the teenager who insolently rides her pony across his well-kept lawns; a truck driver is drawn into an affair with the repressed wife of an aged and sickly husband.

Out of such situations and in terms of such characters, Mr. Bates expertly weaves the fabric of his fiction. Although his men and women are separated by age or coincidence or by atavistic fears, uncertainties or hostilities, the reader is constantly aware that the gambit must and will be made, and will not be refused. The heart of his stories, as well as the chief source of their admirable building-up of suspense, is never: will they? but *when* will they, and what will be the consequences? In the working-out of these campaigns of approach, withdrawal, and eventual engagement, Mr. Bates uses no cheap gimmicks. Artistry, intelligence, and understanding are, like Othello's talks with Desdemona, the only weapons he employs.

Mr. Bates's men and women tend to be essentially unromantic types who threaten to erupt into violence at one stage of a long love-death dance. The remarkable thing is that these people never degenerate into caricature. None of them are monsters, although they are threatened by monstrous forces which crackle beneath the banal surface of their lives. They are potentially decent

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people whose lives are about to take a disastrous turn. Disaster, indeed, seems to be their destiny; if they by chance escape it, frustration and loneliness are their rewards.

James Stern once aptly stated that H. E. Bates can write "for the fiftieth time of a field in summer as though he had never seen a field before." In a period which is producing more than its share of slovenly writing, Bates's prose is something to be cherished, as clear and fresh as the October air of "Death of a Huntsman," perhaps the best story in this good collection. Most important, he is a writer who has something to say, says it extraordinarily effectively, and at the same time communicates to lay and specialized reader alike.

On the Lam

"The Big Boxcar," by Alfred Maund *(Houghton Mifflin. 178 pp. $3), is a first novel by a young English instructor in an Alabama college about a group of travelers, most of them Negroes, who are brought together in a railroad boxcar by their common determination to flee to the North.*

By David Dempsey

ALFRED MAUND, the author of these seven loosely connected stories about some people on the lam, teaches English at a college in Alabama, but no one will accuse him of being a fancy writer. "The Big Boxcar" is an earthy, gutbucket performance which was inspired (so the jacket says) by Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." And yet, despite the parallel—six men and a woman are brought together in a boxcar traveling north—there is no hint here of contrivance. Mr. Maund melds his theme and his characters so skilfully that you feel the book virtually wrote itself. "The Big Boxcar" is by all odds the best first novel I have read this year.

These are tales of woe. Each of the seven travelers (six are Negroes, one is white) is fleeing the law, chiefly because of some infraction of the white man's code. There is, for example, Good-Rocking Papa, who killed a white doctor after the doctor had crossed the color line to destroy Papa's beautiful sister. "The Spook" is a story that is at once fantastic in its humor and brutally ironic. Under the influence of a lunchtime "reefer," the Spook grew three heads (or so it seemed to him) and made the mis-

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MERRILL MOORE: *A Goodbye*

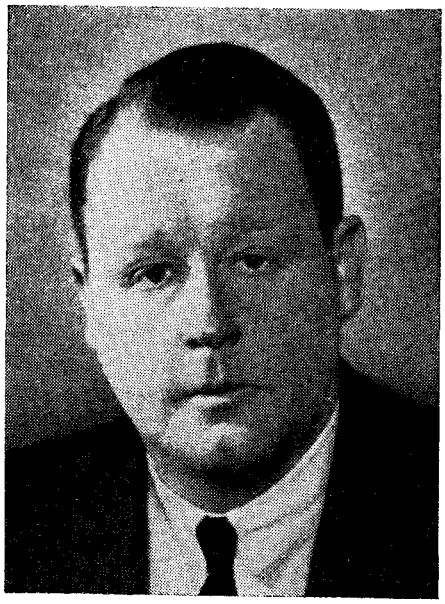
By JOHN CIARDI

IN THE yard of the late Merrill Moore's home in Squantum, Massachusetts, there has stood for years a small cinder-block house crammed full of filing cabinets. The filing cabinets are crammed full of "sonnets," and how many such "sonnets" there are in those files is open to wild guesses. Some have guessed half a million, some a quarter of a million, some a hundred thousand. Moore himself did not know: he was much too busy (being, among other things, a practising psychiatrist) to count his output.

Whatever the actual count that output was prodigious, and both the successes and failures of Merrill Moore's poetry are a result of that prodigy. Ever since his first tremendous outburst of poetic energy as an undergraduate member of the Vanderbilt University Fugitive Group, Merrill Moore has been pouring out irregular sonnets as fast as his hand could move across the paper. I have even heard it said that he kept a pad of paper attached to the dashboard of his car and scratched off a sonnet or a fragment of a sonnet every time he had to wait for a red light.

For years he had trained his thoughts to emerge in something-like-a-sonnet form. And always in his poetry he sought the immediacy of the impromptu. Merrill Moore was incapable of revision. He seemed to care only for getting the original impression down. Why revise when he could use that same time for writing six more, or a dozen more, new poems? For Merrill Moore immediacy was all—that and the next thing coming up. I have worked closely with him as his publisher's editor on a number of his last books and the process was always the same. We would decide on a book of sixty-four sonnets and Merrill Moore would produce a "selection" of 4,000 from his files, insisting that the choice of the sixty-four be left entirely to me.

Those first "selections" were always low-grade ore. Merrill not only wrote carelessly: he did not care, and he did not know care from carelessness. I don't think he knew his own good poems from his bad ones. Any lunge that would make the line come out on a rhyme was good enough; any cliche that offered itself was as good as any other and as good as the true phrases of which he was



"Energy unknown to most men."

capable at his best; any subject for a poem and any treatment of it, however repetitious or over-standardized, was good enough. Anything was good enough so long as poems kept pouring out.

These are major crimes I have read against him which only correspondingly major merits would serve to exonerate, but those major merits are there in the poetry, as they always were in the man. Merrill Moore wasted more energy than most men have to live on, but what survives after the waste is still more than many more fashionable poets have accomplished. I hope some of the more technically trained young will learn to fall in love with the best of Merrill Moore and what he was doing and trying to do. To enter that love affair, the young will have to flout a number of current creeds, the academic creed among them. If they do learn that love they will find that Merrill Moore, at his best, has shown one of the ways in which poetry can shape itself almost raw to immediate experience. He has kept alive the art of the impromptu, and he has had the gift of energy—of such energy that he could waste 100 or 1,000 tries in the course of nailing a true poem. That was perhaps his central gift: Merrill Moore had energy. He had energy in quantities unknown to most men.

And now that energy is still. Goodbye, Merrill. Back to the Universe. And thanks.

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The Saturday Review

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International Geophysical Year?

WALTER SULLIVAN has traveled from Pole to Pole covering scientific experiments of the International Geophysical Year for *The New York Times*. In early September he reported from Toronto on the deliberations of the General Assembly of the International Union of Geodosy and Geophysics. His dispatch of September 11 began as follows:

"A few days ago a Soviet scientist offered to lend to an American scientist unpublished, detailed maps of earthquake activity throughout the Soviet Union. The astonished American accepted the offer with alacrity, for the drawings gave valuable data for studies of the Earth's structure. Photographs were made of the Soviet maps, which were returned the following day.

"Incidents such as this have encouraged Western scientists assembled here to hope that the Russians will live up to their pledge to exchange data gathered during the International Geophysical Year. The success of that eighteen-month period of coordinated studies depends on a free exchange of such information. Otherwise many of the observations of the Earth and its surroundings will be of little value. . . .

"The general impression of Western delegates seems to be that the Russians have been giving information far more freely in recent years. Nevertheless, in fields bordering on the military, a dearth of data from the Soviet scientists has been reported.

"Some Western scientists, *particularly those on government payrolls,* admit they are holding back some information. They are doing this to leave 'room for horse trading,' *not because the data must be kept secret.* They indicate that it will be divulged as soon as the Russians make comparable releases."

The italics in Sullivan's last paragraph are not his; they are ours. They constitute the first public admission of an attitude that has thwarted the spirit of the IGY from its beginning on July 1. The IGY was proposed as, and the U.S. Congress voted millions of tax dollars for, a demonstration of the strength of the world brotherhood of science. The IGY was heralded as an historic opportunity to break the ice of the long, exhausting, and futile Cold War. Science writers have been told, over and over again, "There is nothing secret in IGY work." And, perhaps from fear of being called unpatriotic, they have pretended that this is true when they know it is not. The scheduled launching of a man-made moon continues to be advertised as an international conquest of space, when it is actually a rocket-weapons race between American and Russian scientists with German scientific exiles counseling both contestants.

Perhaps a certain amount of secrecy is necessary. We are not persuaded so; in fact, we tend to agree with Henry Kissinger that secrecy at science's present pace is dangerous. We may be wrong about this. But if secrecy must be invoked, we see no excuse for invoking it in the name of human brotherhood. Suspicion does not belong to brotherhood. It belongs to a chip-on-the-shoulder attitude—the polar opposite of world perspective—a negation of the great scientific tradition handed down by Francis Bacon.

The International Geophysical Year has not been truly international from the start. It is headquartered in Brussels. How many news stories about the IGY have you read under a Brussels dateline? The success of all IGY experiments depends, as Walter Sullivan's dispatch implies, on simultaneous observations around the globe. How many news stories have you read featuring the observations of non-American scientists? No matter what heroic efforts they may be making, no matter how brilliant their contributions may be, foreign scientists are mentioned only as appendages to American experiments, as recipients of American grants, or as users of American apparatus. The grand potential of the whole IGY undertaking, the influencing of public opinions toward cohesion instead of dissidence, is being strangled by chauvinism.

WE write these notes in delayed reply to a recent caller at the offices of *The Saturday Review*. He was a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science Committee on the Social Aspects of Science. He came to talk with us about the scientist as a participant in society. How, the committeeman wanted to know, would we go about persuading the man of science to make himself and his ideas felt? We told him what we believe—that the scientist and the citizen have grown so far apart that the only real hope is to single out specific situations and to concentrate on them as concrete examples for practical procedure. Apparently he had arrived at a similar conclusion, for he pulled from a pocket a slip of paper on which he had listed some situations he felt could be tackled at once. Would we care to add to the catalogue?

Can the Committee on the Social Aspects of Science of the AAAS help to restore the legitimate spirit of the IGY? We're not sure. Yet we suspect that if all the scientists in America who are dedicated to the principle of free exchange of knowledge were to insist that reports on their own IGY experiments must include proportionate recognition of observations made abroad, the science writers of the country would suddenly find themselves overwhelmed with more colorful storymaking stuff than they ever saw before. The United States Committee for the IGY might even waken to the splendid possibilities and charter planes to fly top science writers around the globe for on-the-spot observations. Of course, this would offend conservatives who do not believe that science should ever try to woo non-scientific opinion. But the conservatives are already offended by the mere existence of the Committee on the Social Aspects of Science.

—J. L.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SR SPANKED

TERRY FERRER'S article on college youth (*SR* Sept. 14) was both annoying and frightening. Annoying, because it was an undeserved slur on my whole generation. Frightening, because I am wondering what chance we have when men like the writers of *SR* have no faith in any of us. I am beginning to feel that you are trying hard not to see those of us with intellectual interests. It amazes me that we are invisible to most adults.

I realize that those of us who enjoy reading and studying are a minority, but our existence deserves to be noticed. I just ask that you stop the all-inclusive generalizing for a while and admit that there are some teenagers who might someday approach what you would like us to be.

BARBARA S. GORDON.

Stamford, Conn.

USELESS HEADACHES

PERHAPS MANY of us are "politically irresponsible," but I wonder how many more people of college age were even less well informed in 1930. In a little more than a generation a college education has become an accepted preparation for everyday living rather than the privilege of the elite. It is unfortunate that the increase in the demand for higher education has occurred so fast that many of our larger universities have had to lower their standards in order to come anywhere near meeting it. It is even more unfortunate that "mental apathy and easy-does-it values" should be alarmingly prevalent both in and out of colleges, but until educated men and women like Mr. Ferrer do more than get headaches about it the situation is not likely to improve.

SHERI SCHOLES.

Washington, D. C.

MEANINGLESS DEPRESSION

IF THERE IS more of this "conformity" than there was a generation ago, how can the student help it? The most important goal that is set for him is getting into and staying in college. Questions of economic well-being are now historical curiosities. Students, on the whole, are too busy being serious to get caught up in causes, even if they wanted to, even if there were causes for them. For those in college now the experience of the Depression is meaningless. It may be that even the language of the Depression is meaningless.

PETER SCHRAG.

Amherst, Mass.

CONFORMING NON-CONFORMING

EVERYBODY SEEMS to be conforming to the notion of not conforming.

LORNE H. WARD.

Azuza, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Another reason you better come in on our side—French is a harder language to learn than English is."

SHERWOOD BIOGRAPHY

I AM WORKING on a biography of Robert Emmet Sherwood to be published by Harper & Brothers. Almost inevitably, in view of the wide range of his interests and activities, the title will be "The Worlds of Robert Sherwood." I would deeply appreciate hearing from people in any of the worlds who have letters or recollections of Sherwood which they are willing to share with me.

JOHN MASON BROWN,
17 East 89th Street.

New York, N. Y.

HONEST JOHN

CIARDI'S "Parable for Critics" (*SR* Sept. 28) carries the implication that he favors poetry deriving from "an undebauched sense of genuine emotion." Obviously "J.C." is an honest man, honest with himself before trying to be honest with others. This makes for real charity based on a straightforward and uninhibited sense of not judging the work of others before being supracritical of one's own poor efforts.

FITCH GIBBENS.

Boston, Mass.

ONE MASK ONLY

I MUST TAKE issue with Jessamyn West's assertion ("Secret of the Masters," *SR* Sept. 21) that evil and its manifestation sin are missing from present-day novels. But what does one mean by the term evil? The most universal, non-denominational definition is that evil is that which injures or destroys. By saying violence replaces sin, Miss West has taken the position that the one excludes the other. Her concept of sin is, to a large extent, the Calvinistic viewpoint. This concept of sin, which pertains so much to the regulation of secular living, is a product of eighteenth and nineteenth-century theology, and only one of the many masks which sin *per se* has worn.

WILLIAM O. WALCOTT.

Los Angeles, Calif.

ONE VOTE FOR PROSCENIUMS

HENRY HEWES uses "Ten Talents in the American Theatre" (*SR* Aug. 31) to stir the planners to adopt a non-proscenium type of playhouse. But I, for one, do not wish to spend my time and money for a view of the actor's back. Nor do I wish to have the actor make important speeches with his back to me. Nor do I like to have him walk away from me during important speeches or actions. Nor do I want the audience on the other side to compose any part of the background of the play.

WILLIAM J. STIGALL, JR.

Lincoln, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Hewes replies: "The popular success of non-proscenium playhouses like Margo Jones's in Dallas, New York's Circle-in-the Square, and the Stratford Shakespearean Festival Theatre in Canada, not to mention the Greek, Elizabethan, and Oriental theatres, suggests that Mr. Stigall's complaint comes from hurt habits, not hurt esthetics. Naturally, directors in both kinds of theatre try to insure that nothing important is missed by any part of the audience, but only movies really satisfy those who insist on a near-total illusion."*

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Unquiet Englishman

"Look Back in Anger" is the loudest and most beautiful yelp to be raised in the English theatre in this century. On the basis of it and his second play, "The Entertainer" (*SR* May 11), twenty-seven-year-old John Osborne must be rated the best young theatre writer to emerge since Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller popped into prominence a dozen years ago. Indeed, it is difficult to recall any play in our time that draws the younger generation so sensitively and with such incisive humor.

The picture is specifically British. As the curtain rises we are in the digs of a young couple living in the English Midlands. He is Jimmy Porter, an intelligent and sensitive member of the working class. She is Alison, the daughter of upper-class parents who "turn pale and face the east" whenever they think of this misalliance. But everyone in this play is suffering the curse of living in welfare-state England. No causes to fight for, no ambitions to be achieved, "the brave new nothing." "The old people feel hurt because everything has changed, and the young people feel hurt because everything's the same."

This Sunday-morning scene, while roughly translatable to Greenwich village, is littered with symbols of British apathy such as the stuffy, nutritionless literary supplement and the scandal sheet that blows up juicy goings on under the guise of reflecting moral disapproval. In this atmosphere Jimmy begins to vent his discontent at random. The motive in his mouthing is simply to raise the intensity level of his sleepy purposeless existence. "Let's play a game. Let's pretend we're alive!" he says. And as he goes *on* and *on* and *on* he brings out some scorching bits of truth.

On England's poverty: "It's pretty dreary living in the American Age—unless you're an American." On the corruptness of the Church: "The Bishop of Bromley has made a very moving appeal to all Christians to do all they can to assist in the manufacture of the H-bomb." On the hypocrisy of decorums: "Mummy and Daddy will kick you in the groin while you're handing your hat to the maid." On the noisiness of women: "Even a simple visit to the lavatory sounds like a medieval siege." On polite sex: "The intellectuals all sit around feeling very spiritual with their mental hands on each other's knees, discussing sex as if it were the Art of the Fugue." On mother-in-laws at weddings: "Mummy was slumped over her pew in a heap—the noble female rhino, pole-axed at last." On religion: "Sell out all those stocks in the old free inquiry. The Big Crash is coming, you can't escape it, so get in on the ground floor while there's still time. What could be more gilt-edged than the next world! It's a capital gain and it's all yours." And on the difficulty husbands and wives have in saying almost anything to each other: "If my pronunciation is at fault, she'll probably wait for a suitably public moment to correct it."

If this eloquent raillery were all, one would have to applaud Mr. Osborne's flair for dialogue at the same time that one dismissed him to the lecture platform. However, Mr. Osborne has a great deal more. He has a keen sense of what is theatrical and how to shock us by unexpected reactions to conventional emotional situations. And, for all his anger, he is able to create occasional neo-Chekhovian moments in which we glimpse all of life's sadness suddenly summed-up in a split-second of silence.

These admirable qualities still do not make "Look Back in Anger" into a whole play. The story is fragmentary and nothing beyond rearranging of living quarters is definitely resolved. Yet the very lack of that kind of completeness (which could be arbitrarily achieved by a lesser playwright) contributes to the accuracy of Mr. Osborne's observation of life. When he is a bit older and has written a few more plays he may be able to combine both in a full-blown masterpiece.

The performances may strike Americans as less vigorous than the dialogue or the situations warrant. But this is precisely the dilemma of today's young Britishers. Anger and feeling have been so long inhibited in a hothouse of gentility that they must now be artificially induced. Kenneth Haigh as Jimmy Porter catches both the hysterical pleasure of exaggerating the truth and the genuine sadness hopelessness can engender. When a top American actor some day plays the more universal aspects of the role he may lose the specific British character of the play and arrive at a more violent and desperate performance. But Mr. Haigh is exactly right for postwar England.

Mary Ure, who is one of England's two outstanding young actresses and the second Mrs. Osborne, likewise captures a British quality as a well-bred girl who loves deeply but cannot cut the ties to her upper-class family and friends. Miss Ure is most moving when she creates a moment of loveliness and then blinks it away as something she may not keep. As Jimmy's quieter working-class pal, Alan Bates is likeable and sincere. And Vivienne Drummond as Alison's snooty "friend" makes you hate her without overdoing a jot.

It is a remarkably uncompromising play performed with remarkably uncompromising fidelity. Its relentless abrasive candor and lack of conventional emoluments will alienate many, and its British frame of reference may baffle a few more. But all young people who are in, or can still remember, their rebellious period should find "Look Back in Anger" their play and want to see it several times. As Jimmy Porter says facetiously, "It's rather us."

JIMMY also says, "It's either this world or the next," and this line provides the key to enjoying Sean O'Casey's **"I Knock at the Door,"** currently being staged as a concert reading on Broadway by mostly the same group that performed it earlier at the YMHA (*SR* Apr. 7, 1956). For this look at his early childhood abounds in vitality, recognizing that both the pleasure and the pain are to be enjoyed daily and humanly and not to be inhibited by superstition or guilt-feelings. The Paul Shyre adaptation of this first O'Casey autobiography lovingly preserves the color and sunniness of the original work, rather than forcing it into play form. Director Stuart Vaughan has tightened the tempo, and the cast perform it sharply. As O'Casey's mother, Aline MacMahon has improved on what was already an unforgettable highlight in a distinguished career. Dublin is mirrored but not at the expense of the universals. "I Knock at the Door" stands as an incandescent theatre evening, and to bill it as a reading is no longer an apology. It is recognition of an assured art form.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The New World

THE film industry has seldom looked closely at the housing developments that have mushroomed up throughout our land in recent years—a contemporary phenomenon that would seem to be a patsy for camera exploration. Jerry Wald, however, has tackled the assignment with the help of a novel called **"No Down Payment,"** and the similarly titled movie takes a close, hard look at the home of the new $7,500-a-year class. These, in a development called Sunrise Hills somewhere in California, have flagstoned terraces, outdoor barbecues, picture windows that look into other picture windows or the neighbor's bedroom, and take twenty-five years, or almost forever, to pay for. All living rooms have television sets, and most television sets have small children ensconced in front of them, looking at the same cowboy program. But the satire in the movie is kept relatively muted, because the story has grimmer things to reveal.

This is unfortunately the movie's trouble. It is the thesis of the story that the four couples living in luxurious close quarters in Sunrise Hills are not happy. Not only are they not happy, but tragedy brews in the innocuous atmosphere of a barbecue supper. Quarrels are daily occurrences; a neighbor rapes another neighbor's wife while her husband is out of town; the rapist gets his when his jacked-up car conveniently falls upon him in his own garage. There is racial trouble, too. A Japanese-American tries to crash the model community and can't make the grade, although at the end he has joined the community church and presumably has been accepted, although how this happened is never made clear.

Aside from the hysterical and illogical final events, Martin Ritt, a first-rate new director, has examined the terrain of suburbia with a sharp eye, and he has also gotten nice performances from a fine, young cast. Joanne Woodward, as a cute, semi-literate housewife, and Tony Randall, as a near-alcoholic, would-be tycoon, are very close to brilliant in their portraits. Pat Hingle, Sheree North, Cameron Mitchell, Barbara Rush, and Jeffrey Hunter are also more than adequate, and I mention all their names simply because there's been a lot of talk that there are not enough good new people in movies these days. Nonsense. Jerry Wald is to be complimented for getting together so refreshing a group.

* * *

Howard Hughes has kept under wraps for seven or eight years his pet movie project, **"Jet Pilot,"** and now at last it has been revealed to us. During the interim Mr. Hughes sold his interests in RKO, a studio that is just about defunct so far as producing movies is concerned, but held on to "Jet Pilot," and Universal has been engaged to release it. My natural tendency is to beat about the bush, but I may as well come right out and say it: this is one of the most idiotic movies ever made and, as we well know, idiocy is no stranger in the history of motion pictures. With both John Wayne and Janet Leigh looking younger than they have in years, "Jet Pilot" tells of a pretty Russian jet pilot (Miss Leigh herself) who lands her jet in Alaska on its last dram of gas and who meets up with Colonel John Wayne, no mean flyer himself. After doing a strip-tease in the chart-room (I guess it was the chart-room) Miss Leigh is squired about the continent by Colonel Wayne, who is under War Department—perhaps Strategic Air Command orders—to show the lady all our air secrets, except our very top ones. Romance blossoms, or Colonel Wayne thinks it does, and soon he has married the Russian lady jet pilot and dangerous spy, after first careening with her through the sky in two of our jets. "Can you do this?" Colonel Wayne asks Flight Lieutenant Leigh, and then flips over. "Certainly," replies the Russian lady pilot spy, and does the very same.

Eventually the two take-off for Russia for several kinds of double-dealing, and finally the lady spy sees the light of democracy, shoots up Russian pilots, soldiers, and commissars, and they head for Palm Springs, where when last seen they are slobbering over two-pound steaks. Before kissing her for the fadeout, Wayne sternly commands Miss Leigh, "Wipe your chin!" No more ferocious attack on "American democracy" could have been made—except, perhaps, by the Russians themselves.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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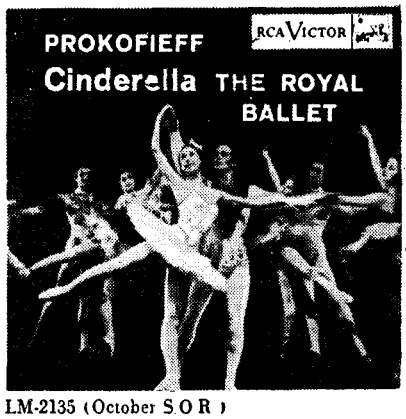

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Macmillan's "Noctambules"—Shanta Rao

A REMINDER of the time when balletic novelties were what the term implies—something visually alive and aurally stimulating—was provided by the Royal Ballet in what, paradoxically, was the best as well as the last of the new works in its Metropolitan Opera House engagement. This is the one called "Noctambules," for which Kenneth Macmillan is the choreographer, Humphrey Searle the composer, and Nicholas Georgiadis the designer.

None of these people is particularly well known here which is, after all, in a good tradition, for the most striking new ideas frequently come from those whose ideas have not been overexposed. Macmillan has had a place in the ballet's repertory previously. Searle is a widely admired if not locally familiar English composer in his early forties, and Georgiadis is a total stranger.

Together they have evolved a balletic work which is ingenious without being precious and fanciful without being obscure. It has a balance of elements rarely encountered in new works—an atmosphere suitable for dance treatment, a score which contributes to the evolution of a mood, and a scenic surrounding in which it all flourishes naturally.

The premise is of a hypnotist performing in a back-street theatre who finds his arts laughed at by the audience. He transfers his spells to them, with ensuing complications. The ending is of the tramp-disappearing-over-the-horizon variety—which is to say, inconclusive—but the fable provides Macmillan with admirable opportunities for dance sequences.

A primary element in his favor is the suggestive setting of Georgiadis, which confronts the audience with a stage within a stage. The curtain rises on a darkened area which turns out to be the proscenium and boxes of a stage on which the hypnotist performs. Georgiadis's color scheme is uncomplicated but compelling, his color sense happily expressed in the costuming also.

Macmillan has been equally successful in giving a sharply defined character to the Hypnotist (suggestively performed by Leslie Edwards), brilliance of movement and sharpness of line to his assistant (in which Maryon Lane gives a superb demonstration of technical resource), and assorted touches of finesse to smaller parts. Nadia Nerina, Anya Linden, and Brian Shaw contribute much to these specialties.

Searle's score complements the settings and action with a constantly creative tone of its own. One hearing could hardly settle a recurrent impression that he was, to a degree, writing a balletic variation on other ballet scores; but it is hardly possible that the allusions to Ravel's "La Valse" or Rimsky's "Scheherezade" or Stravinsky's "Sacre" were unintentional. Whatever these speculations, it served its primary purpose very well. It seems clear that "Noctambules" is a work whose appeal will grow with acquaintance.

I venture the same opinion of Frederic Ashton's interpretation of Paul Dukas's "La Peri," which was generally scorned by the press at first viewing. It is less a ballet than a visual counterpart of a singularly exotic, atmospheric musical work in which all the moods—visual and aural—have to be right for a proper effect. The scenario is no more than an excuse for Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes to engage in a lengthy dualogue to the anointed, musk-laden score of Dukas. Purely as dance the patterns may be somewhat insubstantial, but as an elaboration and fulfilment of the values in the Dukas score, they have a vigorous beauty of their own. Andre Levasseur's setting was helpful, likewise the conducting of Robert Irving.

THOSE who are acquainted with the performances of Uday Shan-Kar and Ram Gopal will find much that is familiar in the work of the "Dancers of India" company which made a first American appearance at the ANTA Theatre late in September. The group designation need not conceal the fact that it is the opportunity to see Shanta Rao, which makes the visit eventful.

The vocabulary may be similar, but it is Shanta Rao's unique inflection of it which makes her performances excitingly alive and artistically valid. She has a luminous, communicative personality which voids the stylistic barrier between herself and those unfamiliar with the classical Indian dance, giving a unique sense of pleasure in the rhythmic refinement and plastic nuances of her dancing. A narrative spoken by Rekha Menon added to understanding, as the musical ensemble and costuming did to enjoyment.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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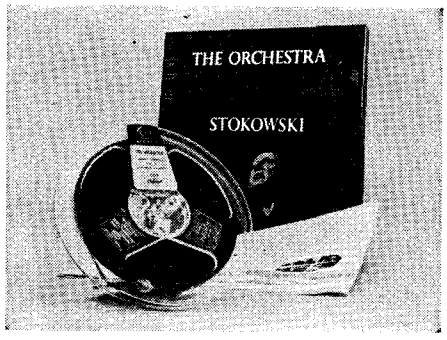

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

THE NEW YORK JAZZ

By WILDER HOBSON

SCARCELY had The Original Dixieland Jazz Band taught the nation what a jazz band sounded like, some forty years ago, when certain well-meaning souls began to try to play jazz fit for the concert hall as well as the dance hall, for the salon as well as the honky-tonk. Presently, for instance, we had the All Star Trio, with Mr. Wheeler Wadsworth's velvety tenor saxophone poised against the tinkling of Mr. George Hamilton Green's xylophone — music which could have been used for the polite purpose of waking a slightly tubercular child. The genteelizing of jazz had begun.

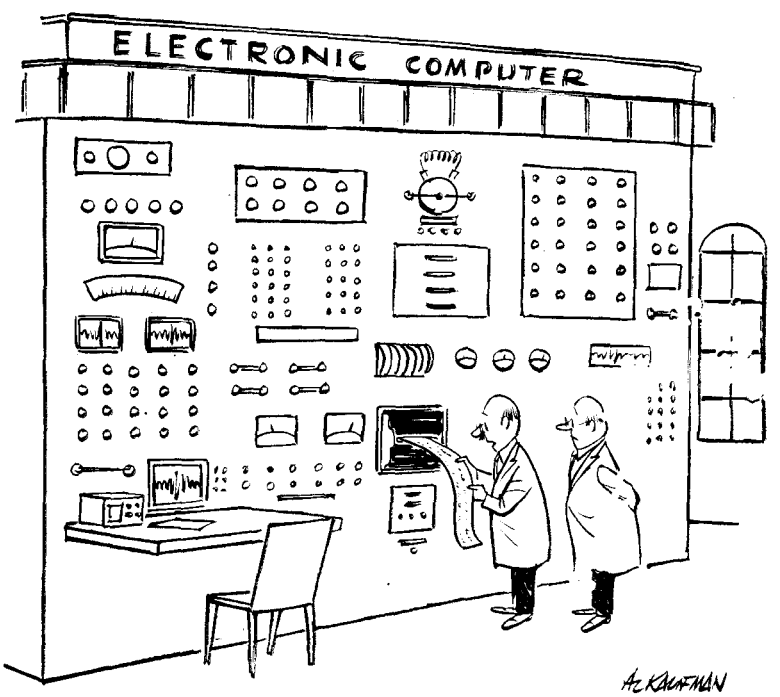
It has been going on ever since, and there is, after all, a good deal to be said for it. Our readers will remember that this column's rule-of-thumb, portmanteau definition of jazz is any music in common time which takes place in the suspended rhythm momentums that are commonly called swing. In this light, there is no reason at all why good jazz cannot be written for or improvised by scented bevies of flutes or a trio consisting of celeste, triangle, and sarussophone. And, as a matter of historic fact, we have had Miss Adele Girard's harp, Mr. Fred Katz's cello, and any number of discreet woodwinds. The point, naturally, is not what instruments are playing, but what quality of jazz they produce.

In recent years, as jazz players have taken to more and more formal musical study, there has been a wholly understandable trend toward those small, chamber-type ensembles which are ideal for clear, lucent, polyphonic musical expression. Some of this music has been at once admirably delicate without sacrificing a moving jazz pulse. I will cite two recent examples. There is "Music to Listen to Red Norvo By" (Contemporary C3534) in which the veteran vibraharpist Norvo is joined by Buddy Collette, flute; Bill Smith, clarinet; Barney Kessel, guitar; Red Mitchell, bass; and Shelly Manne, drums. This disc features a four-movement "Divertimento" composed by Bill Smith which is one of the most delightful extended jazz compositions (with improvised passages) that I have heard. Another case in points is "Flute Souffle" (Prestige LP 7101) with Herbie Mann and Bobby Jaspar, flutes and tenor saxophones; Joe Puma, guitar; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; and Bobby Donaldson, drums. Here we run an expressive gamut from Mann's lonely chant "Tel Aviv" to the late Charlie Parker's piquant "Chasing the Bird," and again there is, for me, a wholly pleasing blend of true jazz feeling with chamber jazz refinement.

On the other hand, the jazz lists today are full of what I will call the new genteelism, of jazz which is fastidious but fussy, learned but anemic. This musical pallor, which seems to represent a nervous self-consciousness and lack of spontaneity, is as regrettable to me as that other great fault of so much contemporary jazz—a blinding technical shine which seems to have nothing emotional to convey. It was, of course, ever thus with all the arts which had reached any stage of sophisticated self-examination. Some of the boys began to be troubled, and others, with less conscientiousness and a great deal of technique, began to show off.

At any rate, it is against this background that I have been having so much pleasure with the music of what may be loosely called the new New York school of jazz. New York is where the activity centers, although the performers may have arrived from elsewhere. In general, they are still in their twenties, have had a good amount of formal training, were first inspired by the be-bop school of the early 1940s, and have absorbed the melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic ramifications of that school into what my colleague Mr. Hentoff calls the mainstream of jazz. There is no trace of the new genteelism about them; they have preserved the robust gut-bucket spirit of the early New Orleans and Chicago jazz with its lyric base in the blues. They describe themselves as "funky." I would like personally to hear them do a great deal more group improvising (they have largely neglected it in favor of sequences of improvised solos, following arranged passages). But the modern improvised solo, against the subtle rhythm sections of the day, can be pretty rich musical fare. In any event, the New Yorkers sound like a jazz band, and that vigorous, urgent, syncopated sound was what first got me into the tent. In the case of the New Yorkers, later day developments have only enriched the jazz band's musical vocabulary.

A PRIME example is the number "Slipped Again" in the album "The Magnificent Thad Jones" (Blue Note 1546). Beautiful examples of New York blues playing are afforded in "Fin de l'Affaire" and "Base on Balls" by the "Hank Mobley Quintet" (Blue Note 1550) with Art Farmer, trumpet; Horace Silver, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; and Art Blakey, drums. The more I hear of the warmly fluent tenor saxophone of Mobley, the more I find in him an irresistible ease and



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blue lyricism. This is what it means to be "funky." The trumpeter Miles Davis, one of the bellwethers of the New York flock—indeed by now almost meriting the term veteran—offers an excellent "Cookin' With The Miles Davis Quintet" (Prestige 7094). It is sad to report that there has since been a disagreement among the chefs and Davis has dispatched three of his assistants, who comprised one of the ranking rhythm sections on record: Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and Philly Joe Jones, drums. This disc thus assumes a sort of historic importance, but it will not trouble those who concentrate on the music, with the muted Miles Davis presiding as though there were no disharmony within earshot.

Two of the finest young jazz composers are identified with the New Yorkers. The pianist Horace Silver writes in an angular, elegant manner and is to be heard in "The Stylings of Silver" (Blue Note 1562) with his quintet: Art Farmer, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor sax; Teddy Kotick, bass; and Louis Hayes, drums. This music is subtly made and electrically played and improvised upon. The tenor saxophonist Benny Golson is a jazz composer of fine legato appeal—a specialist in what I have previously referred to as the North African ride. This romanticism, however, is not his only strain, and five Golson numbers of varying mood are found in the album "Lee Morgan" (Blue Note 1557) where the composer appears with the young trumpeter Morgan and a very rewarding small band. Included is "I Remember Clifford," a lovely trumpet lament for the late trumpeter Clifford Brown.

The drummer Art Blakey is among the most stalwart New Yorkers and his "Ritual: The Jazz Messengers" (Pacific Jazz M-402) is a rousing mixed program by Blakey and Jackie McLean, tenor sax; Bill Hardiman, trumpet; Sam Dockery, piano; Spanky DeBrest, bass. The disc is named for an extended drum solo inspired by Blakey's two year stay in Africa a few years ago. It is a virtuoso performance, full of variety and quite free from the cloying sense of rattling and knocking and thumping which emerges from so many pieces of exhibitionistic drumming. The rest of the disc is utterly Afro-New York in feeling. There is also a new LP "Rollins Plays for Bird" (Prestige 7095) by Sonny Rollins, the brilliant, tough, imaginative tenor saxophonist who is a particular idol in New York circles at the moment. With fine assistance, including the drummer Max Roach, he plays such ballads as "They Can't Take That Away from Me" and "Melancholy Baby"—playing them with a rare gift for ballad inflection—and then improvises on the themes in an opulent style strongly reminiscent of Charlie "The Bird" Parker. Everything I have ever heard of Rollins has had the touch of an exceptionally strong, demanding musical personality, and much of his playing, as here, is full of nuance which his muscle cannot hide.

In the New York piano department: A blithe and charming program by Red Garland, one of the most seductive jazz pianists I know (Prestige 7086), including such favorites as "The Very Thought of You," "If I Were a Bell," and "Stompin' at the Savoy." And a new disc of the harmonically adventurous ballad treatments of the pioneer modern jazz pianist, Thelonious Monk (Riverside RLP 12-235). He has his own chordal language—moody, acrid, fugitive, and to me often very moving.

—*Popsie.*

Red Norvo.

—*Francis Wolf.*

Thad Jones.

Miles Davis.

Red Garland.

Art Blakey.

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Recordings Reports: Jazz LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
Bird at St. Nick's: Charlie Parker. Jazz Workshop JWS 500, $4.98.	Recorded on a small tape machine at a rather noisy dance and shorn of almost everything but unison choruses and Parker's solos, these fourteen numbers show the altoist operating with a freedom seldom caught in his studio-made records. He breaks "Star Eyes" up into segments and re-splices these into a whole as easily as breathing, makes some hefty and humorous quotes from Armstrong on "Visa," and he stages another beautiful counter-attack on "Embraceable You"—enough in itself to make this set more than worthwhile.
Poetry Readings with the Cellar Jazz Quintet: Kenneth Rexroth and Laurence Ferlinghetti. Fantasy 7002, $4.98.	Against a vague and plodding accompaniment, Rexroth earnestly unburdens himself of an anachronistic whine about the suffering artist vs. Madison Ave. (wherein all the artistic soul can do is collapse in self-pity), somehow offered as a memorial to Dylan Thomas. Of his three badly read poems, Ferlinghetti's "Autobiography" is a derivative combination of ironically intended American sentimentality and supper club gag-lines, in alternation with some playing on the chords of "I Got Rhythm" which can kindly be called trite. What ever happened to Vachel Lindsay?
Thelonious Himself: solo piano by Thelonious Monk. Riverside RLP 12-235, $4.98.	Monk passionately coaxes a group of familiar tunes out of the keyboard as if he were creating them out of the air. He can transform melody internally ("Sentimental Over You") or reduce it almost to a shimmering tissue of altered harmonies ("All Alone"). "Functional" is a basic, emotionally unique, modern slow blues, and "Monk's Mood" gets, with J. Coltrane and W. Ware, a "production" treatment. The recurrent arpeggio runs seem out of place for a man so full of surprises.
The Four Brothers Together Again: Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Herb Steward, and Serge Chaloff. Vik LX 1096, $3.98.	This reunion of four who played sax with W. Herman in the late 'forties was the last record date of an ailing Chaloff, and what seems an air of pressure and even gloom prevents it from being either a memorial to his talents or an adequate statement of those of the others involved.
The Harlem Jazz Scene, 1941: Charley Christian and Dizzy Gillespie. Esoteric ES-548, $4.98.	Unique recordings of musicians jamming after hours for their own pleasure and enlightenment. Most of those present (among the unbilled are Monk and K. Clarke) were engaged in what became a re-interpretation of the whole language of jazz. On the first version of "Stardust," Gillespie and D. Byas unfold choruses of lyricism which can stand with their very best work. A valuable record.
The Kenny Clarke Sextet plays André Hodeir. Epic LN 3376, $3.98.	These French recordings of three originals and nine arrangements on themes by others give a far better account of Hodeir's work in jazz than those he made here. One comes away with the feeling of having heard a provocative, analytical discourse on jazz and some of its possibilities, but one which somehow missed the emotional heart of this music almost completely. Trumpeter B. Hardman fluffs an awful lot of notes.
Jazz on the Left Bank. Epic LN 3387, $3.98.	Pianist Martial Solal is soloist with this septet but I think he shows to better advantage on the Clarke set above. His shy work could contribute, as reports indicate, to the newest developments. He has a fine talent for making the delightfully unexpected seem inevitable. It is a shock to hear the staccato of American D. Mills and B. Byers sometimes echoing the pseudo-jazz of the 'twenties.
Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers play Lerner and Loewe. Vik LX 1103, $3.98.	The gimmick of "show tunes" hardly interferes with the characteristic pushing swing of this group. J. Griffin, newest of the "hard" tenor school, is a bracing breath of fresh air, with an original, sometimes humorous approach and an exciting flow of ideas.
The Great Ray Charles. Atlantic 1259, $4.98.	Blues singer-pianist Charles heads this instrumental group, much of it a modified modern jazz. These men, especially saxist D. Newman, play with a heartening adroitness in this style, but aside from Charles's passion on the gospel-like "Sweet Sixteen Bars," that impression of adroitness is about all that lingers.
The Swingin' Miss "D": Dinah Washington with Quincy Jones and his Orchestra. Emarcy MG 36104, $3.98.	The wonderfully uninhibited way in which Miss Washington can transform almost any song into wailing or witty, pensive or joyous urban blues has yet to be captured at its best for the course of an lp. Meanwhile, there are sets full of latent hints, this one among them.
Zoot Sims Goes to Jazzville. Dawn DLP-1115, $4.98.	On "Too Close for Comfort" lines flow out of Sims' tenor sax with ease and assurance, and "Ill wind" and "Stampede" nearly maintain the peak. On five other tracks, he is too often wondering what to say next or content to repeat platitudes.
Lee Morgan Sextet, vol. 3. Blue Note 1557, $4.98.	Morgan already has his own sound and attack on trumpet, and a unique, relaxed beat. He approaches most tunes with a similar, sly playfulness, though the frequent unoriginality of his conception is quite as it should be in an eighteen-year-old. The older and more experienced G. Gryce, B. Golson, and W. Kelly weren't showing much more than obvious competence this time. —Martin Williams.

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Can Jazz Be Written?

By NAT HENTOFF

BENNY GOODMAN has started the fall jazz semester by organizing another traveling big band. This time, however, the clarinetist, long since institutionalized in our popular culture, will function primarily at rehearsals and in a general but firm supervisory capacity. Although Goodman will materialize at a few major dates, the actual commander of the troops in the field will be the accomplished young jazz trombonist, Urbie Green.

In a roughly similar but much more ghostly project, drummer Ray McKinley has for over a year been heading a remarkably popular revival edition of the Glenn Miller orchestra, utilizing as the basis of his book many of the vintage Miller arrangements of fifteen and more years ago. The Miller library and band, however, were only glancingly touched by jazz. In Goodman's case, though, the re-use currently of many of the familiar scores identified with him in the 1930s and early 1940s brings into question again to what extent the indigenous jazz repertory of another time and spirit can be rewardingly, or even reasonably resurrected without considerable repair work. Last year, with Goodman in active charge, a Goodman band spent several weeks in residence at the Waldorf-Astoria followed by a brisk tour, and the consensus of musicians and critics was that while it was nostalgically arresting to hear the old book again, the event was of minimal musical importance. It may well be, in any case, that the Goodman library is not a fair test of the viability potential of jazz written material since much of it was originally intended more for dancing than renewable listening; and most of its avowedly jazz pieces, it is clear in retrospect were considerably less inventive and less naturally germane to the jazz mainstream even in their assertive youth than were other scores of the era in the Duke Ellington and Count Basie libraries.

The essential problem, however, of anyone involved in the Lazarus syndrome of trying to revive intact the jazz writing of any period is that jazz from its inception has been primarily a player's art. From pre-jazz field hollerers and blues singers to Charlie Parker, the basic appeal and challenge of jazz to player and listener has been the opportunity it affords a man to express his immediate emotions, to be (in widely varying degrees depending on the quality of the player) simultaneously performer and com-

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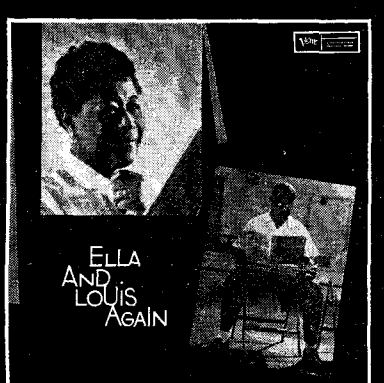

poser. A jazzman accordingly has been able to base his improvisations even on the most fragile of transitory pop songs, and make the material his.

The most creative of the jazz *writers* from Jelly Roll Morton to Duke Ellington to John Lewis, for further example, have depended to key extent on the improvised sections of their works to give immediacy and emotional urgency to the performances of their scores. This point is not intended to detract from the durable value and impact of the best writing by these three and other composer-arrangers from within jazz; but it is true that an interpretation by the 1957 Ellington band of "Flaming Sword," "Across the Track Blues" or of any of his larger works is apt to be inferior to a 1940 Ellington performance of the same pieces because he simply had better improvising soloists then, by and large, than now. In Ellington's case, the scores themselves have not dated, but they nonetheless still require the large, animating presence of soloists who have their own compelling stories to tell within the framework of the writing.

There is growing among some younger jazz writers a conviction that if their jazz scores can become strong enough in themselves in terms of thematic quality and inexorability of development, the jazz writer may no longer have to depend as nakedly on the capacity of specific players to give his work life, since any basically qualified jazz musician anywhere would then be able to interpret the pieces satisfactorily. Nearly all these writers, though, continue to believe they must retain some spaces for improvisation even in these more complexly structured scores in order that their works qualify as jazz to begin with. One vehement heretic, Bill Russo, disagrees. He claims he will not again allow improvisers to thwart and distort his compositional intentions, and he is preparing a library for a large "jazz" band in which all the parts, unto each drum tap, will be written. It is much too soon to tell how successful these writers, particularly Russo, will be in building a body of work so jazz-convincing on its own that it can communicate ten or twenty years from now without the necessity of its being much altered.

Even in the work of several of the already established jazz writer-arrangers of this decade—John Lewis, Jimmy Giuffre, Gerry Mulligan—the writer almost invariably composes with particular knowledge and anticipation of the improvisational abilities of his specific sidemen in mind, an additional proof of the continuing primacy of the player's role in jazz, from the forest freedom of a jam session to the carefully landscaped gardens of John Lewis's "Versailles."

The player in jazz has nearly always experienced more resilient longevity than most of the products of the jazz composer-arranger. Many jazzmen who began to emerge in the late 1920s and early 1930s—and earlier, viz. Sidney Bechet and Louis Armstrong—remain absorbing soloists; but almost none would welcome the assignment of having to play an arrangement of his youth exactly as it was written then. The jazz improviser renews himself as he continues to express his own developing life-story; but most of the manuscripts he has played in the past would have to be altered by him to fit his current feelings and perspectives since nearly no jazz score yet, unlike a Mozart quartet, can sustain its own life without the transfusion of present improvisation.

There have been crusades of young "revivalists" who try to imitate and, at best, emulate the actual language and writing styles of the jazz of this century's first quarter. These searchers for Eden have invariably produced wooden caricatures of their models, and their attempts to "share a neglected part of jazz with contemporary listeners," as some of the Restorationists explain their stance, is charming in its innocence but has been of no value to jazz.

"It's true," Turk Murphy, a leading and thoroughly sincere revivalist, explained a couple of years ago, "that Jelly Roll Morton, many of whose compositions we play, has left us records on which he can be heard himself, but there is a certain substance to a live performance that records cannot contain. And furthermore, it isn't that we copy him exactly. We use our own individual attempts to routine his compositions and we play them as best we can within the bounds of our individual and collective musicianship."

YET that "individual and collective musicianship" of the revivalists tries to exorcise what has happened in jazz during their own growing-up years. They play as if there had been no Count Basie, Duke Ellington, or Charlie Parker. It is logical for a primarily improvising player like Roy Eldridge to continue to speak within the imperatives of his own jazz experience

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which began to develop naturally many years ago along with his life in jazz; but for a younger man to play only according to the styles and rules of jazz practice from before his own generation is completely antithetical to the meaning of jazz of any period. Jazz is not a costume ball. An analogy, so far as analogy is possible, in classical music would be Sibelius, who was not expected to absorb Stravinsky and Webern since he had already found his own natural voice in his youth that predated their coming; but for a young contemporary classical composer to write as if nothing had happened in the spirit and letter of the classical music language since Sibelius would insure his remaining a very minor composer indeed.

THERE are, however, scores of superb themes by Jelly Roll Morton and other early jazz writers, including a large number of Ellington works like "Rude Interlude" and "Black Beauty," that have indeed been neglected by the modern players. There is also an obvious solution as to how best to use this previously written material without trying to somersault backwards into time. In a forthcoming Pacific Jazz LP, modern jazz trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, who has deep affection and knowledge of the jazz past, plays such numbers as "Santa Claus Blues" (recorded by the Red Onion Jazz Babies with Louis Armstrong in 1928) and "Sweet Like This" (recorded by King Oliver in 1929). But Brookmeyer—and his colleagues on the recording, among them Jimmy Giuffre—interpret the works out of their personal experience in the jazz of their own time, combining their natural feeling for modern harmonic, rhythmic and rhythmic conception with a respect for the spirit of the older material. As other young modernists begin to make added contact with the jazz past and its repertory, it's likely that more of them, like Brookmeyer, will strengthen their working libraries with some of the jazz originals and arrangements of previous decades as played and reanimated, however, by improvisers who have also fully experienced, even if they may have not accepted, all of the present.

King Oliver as interpreted by Bob Brookmeyer is truer in the individuality and immediacy of its performance to the jazz spirit of Oliver than is King Oliver played "faithfully" by Turk Murphy to capture the gait of another age. And the repertory of the new Benny Goodman band may take on much more life and meaning if Benny allows Urbie Green and the other young musicians in the band to play and alter the swing era scores as their present impulses lead them.

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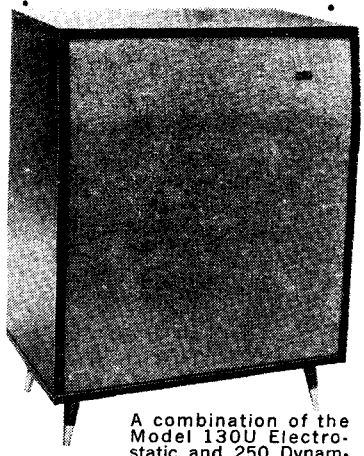

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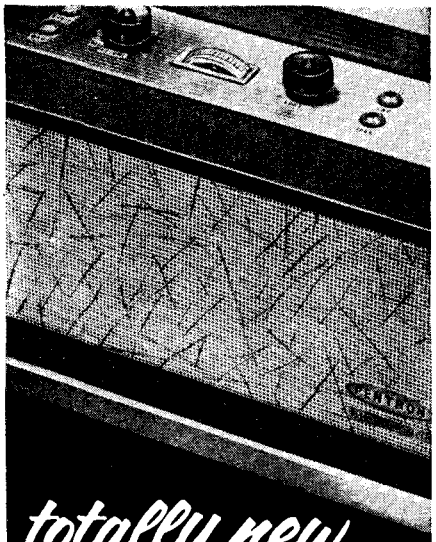

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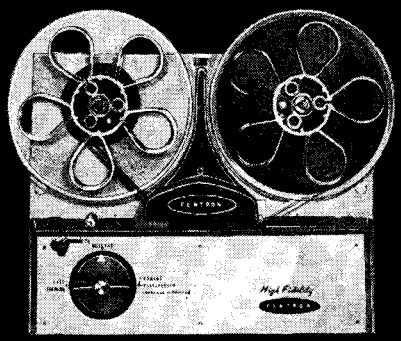

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ORCHESTRAL

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BBAHMS: *"Variations on a Theme of Haydn." Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia.* (Angel).

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 4. Lovro von Matocic conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* (Angel).

CHOPIN: *Etudes, etc. Vladimir Golschmann conducting the St. Louis Symphony.* (Columbia).

COPLAND: *"Appalachian Spring," "Billy the Kid," etc. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* (Columbia).

DEBUSSY: *"La Mer," Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony.* (RCA Victor).

FRANCK: *"Variations Symphonique." Leon Fleischer, piano, with George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra.* (Epic).

GRIEG: *"Peer Gynt" music. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic.* (Angel).

HINDEMITH: *"Mathis der Maler," with William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony.* (Capitol).

LALO: *"Symphonie Espagnole." Zino Francescatti, violin, with the New York Philharmonic conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.* (Columbia).

MARTINU: *"Fantaisies Symphoniques." Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony.* (RCA Victor).

MOZART: *Concertos No. 12 and 14, 17, and 25. Denis Matthews, piano, with Rudolf Schwarz conducting.* (Capitol).

MOZART: *Symphonies Nos. 39 and 41. Bruno Walter conducting.* (Columbia).

RACHMANINOFF: *Concerto No. 2. A. Rubinstein, piano, with Alfred Wallenstein conducting.* (RCA Victor).

RAVEL: *"Daphnis et Chloe." A. Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony.* (Mercury).

STRAUSS: *"Emperor" waltz, etc. Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony.* (RCA Victor).

STRAUSS: *"Beautiful Blue Danube," etc. Artur Rodzinski conducting.* (Westminster).

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Pathetique" symphony. Ernst Ansermet conducting the Orchestra de la Suisse Romande.* (London).

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Symphony No. 4. D. Mitropoulos conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Columbia).

INSTRUMENTAL

BACH: *Partitas and Sonatas. Nathan Milstein, violin.* (Capitol).

HAYDN: *Sonatas 32, 46, 50 and 51. Ernst Levy, piano.* (Unicorn).

MOZART: *Sonatas (K. 454, 526). Arthur Grumiaux, violin, with Clara Haskil, piano.* (Epic).

PAGANINI: *Variations for the G string on a theme of Rossini, etc. David Oistrakh, violin.* (Decca).

PROKOFIEV: *Sonata No. 3, etc. Joseph Szigeti, violin, with Carlo Busotti, piano.* (Columbia).

SCHUBERT: *Quartet in G, opus 161. Hungarian Quartet.* (Decca).

SMETANA: *"Aus meinem Leben." Endres Quartet.* (VOX).

STRAUSS: *Sonata in E flat. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Brooks Smith, piano.* (RCA Victor).

WEBERN: *Complete Works. Robert Craff conducting.* (Columbia).

OPERA

MOZART: *"Die Entführung aus dem Serail." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting.* (Angel).

VERDI: *"Il Trovatore." M. Callas-G. di Stefano.* (Angel).

VOCAL

MARTUCCI: *Songs, etc. Renata Tebaldi, soprano.* (London).

MOZART: *Arias. Leopold Simoneau, tenor.* (Epic).

PUCCINI: *"Mi chiamano Mimi," etc. Victoria de los Angelos.* (RCA Victor).

SCHUMANN: *"Dichterliebe," etc. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with Jorg Demus, piano.* (Decca).

VERDI: *"Ritorna vincitor," etc. Anna Cerquetti, soprano.* (London).

WAGNER: *"Wesendonck Songs," etc. Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with Hans Knappertsbusch conducting.* (London).

POPULAR

"Ella Sings Rodgers and Hart." Ella Fitzgerald. (Verve).

"Funny Face." Fred Astaire-Audrey Hepburn. (Verve).

"Johnny Johnson" (Weill). *Burgess Meredith, etc.* (M-G-M).

"Seven Deadly Sins." Lotte Lenya, etc. (Columbia).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Magoo in High Fi." J. Backus. (RCA Victor).

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HIGH-FIDELITY FORECAST

AS SURE a sign of changing seasons as crisp autumn air or brown October ale is the annual bloom of high-fidelity shows in Eastern cities. New York's will again convene in the Trade Show Building, at 35th Street and Eighth Avenue, on October 8, to run a five-day course through Saturday, October 12. This is the longest time-span yet assigned to such an exhibition in New York (the sequence began with the Audio Fair of 1949) and the belief is that evening of Columbus Day will see the largest total of visitors ever lured by high-fidelity sound.

The appended directory shows most of the old familiar names, and a scattering of new ones, but the products promised are more diversified than ever. Heavy emphasis may be anticipated on stereophonic tapes and reproducers, this representing the newest trend for the hobbyists and experimenters. Speakers and enclosures, amplifiers and arms, cartridges and pickups are sure to be in abundant variety for those who want to improve the performance of their disc-reproducing units.

According to custom, the Audio Engineering Society will hold its ninth annual convention concurrent with the demonstration of consumer products. There will be morning and afternoon sessions each day. A testimony to the worldwide spread of audio interest is contained in the number of papers to be presented by engineers from abroad: included are men with home bases in Holland, France, England, Brazil, and Tokyo.

KEY: *Asterisk denotes first time exhibitor in a New York show. Number at end of entry identifies room in which exhibit is located.*

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC. Acoustic suspension loudspeaker system, in AR-1 and AR-2 models. 544.

ACRO PRODUCTS COMPANY. High Fidelity Audio Transformers and Amplifier Kits. 324.

ALTEC LANSING CORPORATION. New speaker systems, cabinets, horns and networks. Exhibits demonstrating advantages and disadvantages of various types of installations. 552, 553.

AMI INCORPORATED. High fidelity amplifiers, horn sound enclosures, cabinets. 527, 528.

AMERICAN ELECTRONICS INC. New line of American-Concertone 60 Tape recorders, Full, half-track and stereophonic recorders. 415.

AMPEX AUDIO, INC. Complete new line of stereophonic home music systems, plus portables and modular units. 431, 432.

APPARATUS DEVELOPMENT CO. FM antenna systems for high fidelity, with consultants in attendance to discuss reception problems. 322.

AUDIO DEVICES INC. Magnetic Recording Tape, Instantaneous Recording Discs. 441.

AUDIOGERSH CORP. High fidelity record players and cartridges, Miracord changers and Miratwin cartridges. 401.

AUDIO FIDELITY INC. Audio Fidelity Stereo Master Tapes and Audio Fidelity disc recordings. 506, 508, 512.

BELL SOUND SYSTEMS, INC. Stereophonic sound systems, tape recorders and high fidelity amplifiers. 321, 325.

DAVID BOGEN CO. New Tape Recorder, amplifiers packaged as kits for first

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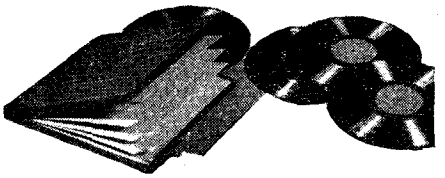

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time, Presto Recording Corporation products. 307, 349

BOZAK SALES COMPANY. Bozak loudspeakers, crossover networks, and speaker systems, both monaural and stereophonic. 330.

BRADFORD AND COMPANY. Baffles, speaker systems, speakers and amplifiers. 425.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES CORP. Loudspeakers and speaker systems (Wharfedale). new Leak amplifiers and preamplifiers. 407, 447.

CABINART. Equipment cabinets, enclosures and kits. 549, 550.

CONRAC, INC. Fleetwood custom television receivers. 429.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS AND CO. "Mylar" polyster film and acetate film (used as base for magnetic recording tapes). 504.

DYNA CO. Hi Fi amplifier and pre-amplifier kits. 403.

ELECTRONIC INSTRUMENT CO., INC. High fidelity amplifiers, pre-amplifiers, speakers, etc. 519.

ELECTRO-VOICE, INC. New phase loaded speaker system, equipment cabinets, Ionovac, Avedon high frequency drivers. 541, 546.

ELEKTRA RECORDS. New line of stereo tapes, also high fidelity records. 341.

ERCONA CORPORATION. Ferrograph stereo tape recorders, Connoisseur stereo equipment for disc, R&A speakers, Chapman Globemaster tuner, Dekamix Intermixing Record Changer. 348.

FAIRCHILD RECORDING EQUIPMENT CO. New design in turntables, eliminating idlers, cams and other mechanical linkages to change speeds. 430, 433.

FERRODYNAMICS CORP. Magnetic "Sonoramic" recording tapes. 442.

FISHER RADIO CORP. New Fisher "500:" FM-90X FM tuner, etc. 534, 537.

GARRARD SALES CO. Record changers, manual players, new transcription tone arm. 407, 447.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY. New VR-II Four-gram cartridges, also full line of high fidelity components. 529, 530.

***GLASER-STEERS CORPORATION.** New four-speed record changer, with unusual automatic features. 443.

***GOLDEN CREST RECORDS.** New line of recordings. 417.

***GRADO LABORATORIES.** New quality tone arm, cartridge and transformer. 545.

GRAY MANUFACTURING CO. New Tone arms, turntable, pre-amplifiers, etc. 420.

GROMMES (Division of Precision Electronics). New line of pre-amplifiers, amplifiers, FM-AM tuners, etc. 345, 346.

HARMAN-KARDON, INC. Tuners and amplifiers, also tuner-amplifiers. 542.

HARTLEY PRODUCTS CO. New Hartley speakers, also Hartley-Luth 220 speaker, with new cone design. 518.

JENSEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY. Nine new Unitary high fidelity speakers, enclosures, etc. 308, 309, 312.

KARLSON ASSOCIATES, INC. Loudspeaker enclosures, ultra-fidelity pre-recorded tapes. 340.

KLIPSCH AND ASSOCIATES. New three channel sound reproduction system for use with stereophonic tape. 317.

***KLH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CORP.** Three new low frequency and mid-range speaker systems, and one full range system making use of acoustic suspension principle. 426, 427.

L.E.E. INC. New "Chorall II" Three way speaker system. 331.

MARANTZ COMPANY. Audio consolette, power amplifier, electronic crossover. 547.

MERCURY RECORD CORPORATION. New stereophonic tapes. 500.

METZNER ENGINEERING CORP. High-fidelity turntables and transcription arms. 520.

NESHAMINY ELECTRONIC CORP. JansZen Electrostatic and Dynamic loudspeakers. New dynamic cone woofer for use with JansZen Electrostatic speaker. 507.

***NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS CO.** New three speed portable tape recorder. 305, 306.

ORRADIO INDUSTRIES INC. Irish Ferro-Sheen Recording Tape. Display demonstration of off-air recording. 551.

PENTRON CORPORATION. Tape recorders and accessories. 548.

PICKERING AND COMPANY, INC. New model 370 cartridge, single style fluxvalve. 339.

PILOT RADIO CORP. New line of stereo components, also high fidelity equipment and component-console systems. 436.

PRO-PLANE SOUND SYSTEMS. New pie-shaped exponential horn, also stereo speaker system. 332, 334.

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REEVES SOUNDCRAFT CORP. New tapes and tape recording accessories. 437.

REK-O-KUT CO. INC. Turntables, tone-arms and disc recorders. 333, 335.

REVERE CAMERA COMPANY. Tape recorders, new stereophonic equipment. 303, 304.

ROCKBAR CORP. Collaro record changers, with new dynamically balanced transcription-type pickup arm. Also Goodmans speakers and systems. 439, 440.

RONETTE SALES CORP. New cartridge, professional pickup arm and Ronomike. 501.

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SHERWOOD ELECTRONICS LABORATORIES, INC. New amplifiers and speaker systems. 301.

SHURE BROTHERS, INC. New "Dynetic" phono-reproducer, featuring non-scratch design. 438.

SONOTAPE SALES CORP. Monaural and stereophonic tape, featuring 7000 series at $6.95. 326, 328.

SONOTONE CORP. Components, amplifiers, cartridges, speakers. 446.

TETRAD COMPANY. Demonstration of diamond stylus manufacture and use. 338, 342.

THORENS CO. New four speed transcription turntable, also changers. 327.

UNITED AUDIO PRODUCTS. Wigo speaker systems, also woofers, tweeters, etc. 347.

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VANGUARD RECORDING SOCIETY, INC. Stereophonic tape demonstration, A-B demonstrations with monaural discs, etc. 539, 540.

***WELLCOR, INC.** High fidelity equipment cabinets, speaker enclosures, etc. 344.

WOLLENSAK OPTICAL CO. Tape recorders. 302.

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It was the evening of March third, 1956. As Conductor Enrique Jordá strode to the podium at San Francisco's Opera House, an expectant hush fell over the audience.

Conductor Jordá bowed, and turned to face the world-renowned San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. The baton rose, held momentarily, and descended with a gesture of sweeping authority to command the presentation of the Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro."

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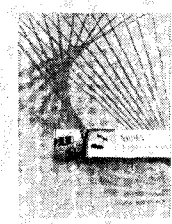

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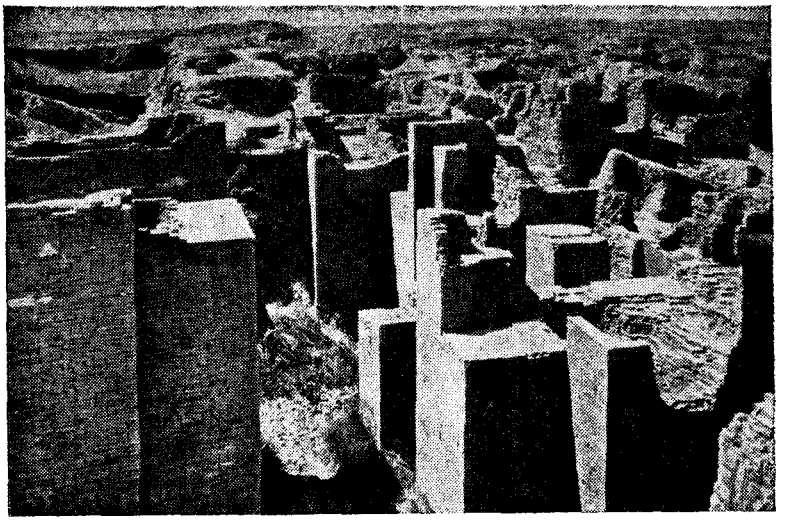
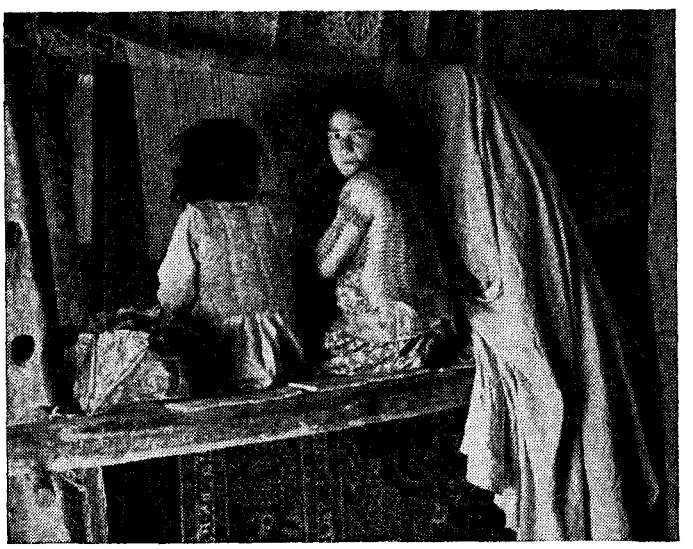
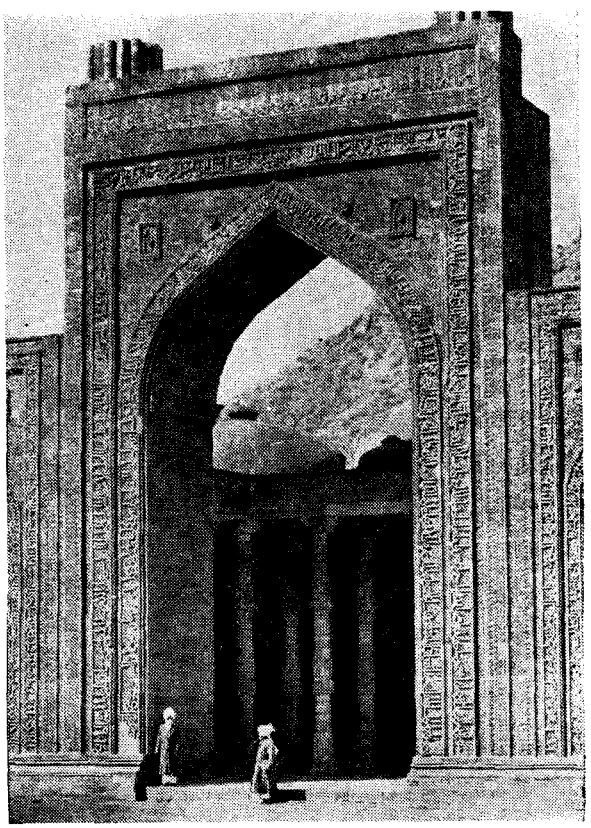


Iraq. Ancient Babylon was the center of Hammurabi's mighty empire.

Ever since the adventurous days of Marco Polo the vast area of Asia has symbolized to the minds of men all that is strange, exotic, and inaccessible. Martin Hurlmann's handsome new volume **"Asia"** (*Studio-Crowell*, $12.50) reproduces in 287 photographs the peoples of Asia, their places of worship, and their countryside. For the armchair traveler Mr. Hurlmann provides pictures ranging from those of the market places and desert regions of the Arab world to the temples and shrines of India, Burma, and Ceylon, the old silk route from China to Mongolia, and in Eastern Asia, the serene courtyards of Japan. The armchair traveler will find "the genius of Asia's peoples expressed most convincingly and worthily in the temples, pagodas, palaces and other monuments left by past generations, scattered over countries and centuries, as testimony of their dominion and their faith."



Iran. Young girls work in the carpet factories of Hamadan.



India. Richly decorated mosque attracts pilgrims.

Ceylon. Statue of pupil guards reclining Buddha.

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The Canal and the Colonel

"Suez Story," by William F. Longgood *(Greenberg. 174 pp. $3.50) and* ***"Revolt on the Nile," by Colonel Anwar el Sadat*** *(John Day. 159 pp. $3), are two recently published books which deal with the Suez Canal crisis, the former tracing the history of the canal up to the present time and the latter telling the story of President Gamel Abdul Nasser's rise to power. Our reviewer is Hal Lehrman, who won the 1957 George Polk Award for his dispatches from the Middle East.*

By Hal Lehrman

OF THE Suez Canal Halford Hoskins wrote in 1954 that "probably no material work of man has affected the relations of nations more profoundly." Dr. Hoskins may have snubbed another very potent "material work"—the nuclear bomb—but recent events have clearly reenforced his grave appraisal of Suez's capacity for influencing "the relations of nations." Embroilment over that 106-mile ditch last year saw us squaring off against our oldest allies and, during a nightmarish interlude, holding hands with Russia.

For a time, global war seemed to lurk behind every headline. Overnight, Russia planted a Middle Eastern foothold she had been seeking for 200 years. Later, Western Europe suffered a siege of fuel starvation. World shipping, shunted to the long route around Africa, lost more than $2,000,000 daily in operating costs. Exposed as a bogus Saladin by Israel's little army, Nasser in defeat was nevertheless able—through the geographical accident of the canal's location in Egypt—to extort U.S.-UN compliance directly, and Israeli compliance indirectly, with *his* terms for Sinai evacuation and for reopening of the international waterway.

All this, and what went before, shines through "Suez Story," by William F. Longgood. But not resplendently. Mr. Longgood's book nevertheless repays reading, if only as a convenient summary of a formidable institution's dramatic history. Starting with the canals of the Pharaohs, the author follows the traces of two Bonapartes, the fabulous Ferdinand de Lesseps, and assorted viceroys, sultans and prime ministers as the modern channel gets itself dug with scoops of earth thirty-one times the volume of the Great Pyramid, despite enormous natural obstacles and the even more incredible obstructions of British imperial intrigue. The Barnum-and-Bailey grand opening in 1869, the early financial doldrums and subsequent bonanza, Disraeli's coup in buying out a bankrupt Khedive, the canal's pivotal role in the British occupation of Egypt, its fate and fortunes in two world wars and the Arab nationalist hurricane—all are recorded in a survey made intrinsically interesting by the inherent richness of its theme and close-packed detail.

Mr. Longgood carries his story through the late unpleasantnesses of nationalization, Sinai invasion, and Western diplomatic fiasco. Though he leaves Nasser crowing triumphantly astride the waterworks, the author sees the small-bore dictator as merely a passing chapter in an inexorable Suez history which commenced in antiquity and "stretches ahead of timid twentieth-century man into the unknown reaches of time." He overlooks the possibility that Nasser's nuisances may yet provoke our "timid" contemporaries into building enough supertankers, pipelines and other crash-program devices to deliver both Nasser and his canal to history's dustbin.

—*Wide World.*

Watch on the Nile—"(the) inexorable Suez history commenced in antiquity."

THE story of Nasser's rise to power is told in Colonel Anwar el Sadat's book entitled "The Revolt on the Nile." Nobody in President Nasser's intimate military circle has better credentials than has the colonel to tell the "inside story of the Egyptian Revolution—its long years of conspiracy, and then its accomplishment in almost a single night."

El Sadat and Egypt's future man of destiny went to Army school together. As early as 1939, around the campfires of their dusty garrison at Mankabad, the two young officers were already roasting the fat effigy of King Farouk and plotting Britain's ruin. At the age of twenty-four, with World War II raging, el Sadat was Nasser's liaison to the Moslem Brotherhood and to German spies in Cairo. In and out of prison while the plot of the "Free Officers" continued hatching during the early post-war years, el Sadat became chief bearer of messages between revolutionaries and government after the hour finally struck on July 22, 1952. Since then he has been a Minister of State in Nasser's cabinet, for general troubleshooting, and Secretary of the Pan-Islamic Congress, for propagating Nasser's dream of an Egyptian-led Moslem world unity. Though relieved of these missions, he still is editor and chief spokesman today of "El Gumhouriya," the mouthpiece of the New Egypt.

Despite all this, "Revolt on the Nile" is enlightening in only one respect: that someone so close to the center of the presumably formidable Egyptian junta could be as vapid as el Sadat methodically demonstrates himself to be.

"This is an astonishing document," the jacket blurb proclaims. Very true—but not for the reasons advertised. Actually, the book is a propaganda windfall for Nasser's critics. It promises sensational disclosures; but everything validly new in it could have been printed in oversize type on a half-dozen pages. The rest of a yawning emptiness is crammed with posturings, alibis and non sequiturs. Not even the most malevolent Israeli or Western writer, equipped with an

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arsenal of poisoned pens, could have concocted a more effective expose of the Cairo camerilla's mentality as it is here innocently laid bare.

Since all previous accounts of the coup against Farouk attest that it ran smoothly, only two surmises are now possible. First, that el Sadat (though saluted in a foreword by Nasser himself) is only a court jester and does not reflect the steel in his square-jawed colleagues. Or, second, that the coup succeeded because the monarchy was even more incompetent than the revolutionaries.

The latter conclusion seems likelier on the basis of el Sadat's own evidence. Starting with a harebrained wartime plot to seize key military points and defy the British—which fizzled because of a plain case of cold feet—the conspirators bungled every single scheme, without exception, right up to the night of the final uprising. The author solemnly parades one fiasco after another, never suspecting the ludicrous cumulative impact of his chronicle.

THUS a plan to spirit a pro-Axis Egyptian general out to the Nazis, by U-boat or by Luftwaffe, failed when the general's car broke down en route to the rendezvous. Later a getaway was tried in an Egyptian plane—which hit a post on takeoff and crashed. The military underground was preparing to put Egypt into the war on Hitler's side—until the Fuehrer's emissaries were found "dead drunk with two Jewesses"(!) A scheme to fly el Sadat and another officer out of prison and into neutral Istanbul lapsed because "the plan was too rigid"; another "to blow up the British embassy and everybody in it" was too risky. An enormous mine in four packing cases, intended "as a Christmas present to the first British ship through the Suez Canal," never got assembled. Once el Sadat raced to Cairo on "urgent summons" from Nasser; finding no message at home, he took his children to the movies. It happened to be the night fixed for the revolution. When el Sadat finally showed up, "the operation had already begun."

Apart from organizing their secret group, the conspiratorial officers seem to have done virtually nothing during the thirteen years they were supposed to be conspiring. The colonel fills the vacuum by ponderous allusions, year after year, to tremendous things about to be achieved: "Soon, Egypt's day would dawn . . ."; "Destiny was knocking at the door . . ." This knocking continues up to the closing chapter, when the uprising at last occurs—but the author's confused account of it tells considerably less than we already knew.

A Part, Not the Whole

"India: The Awakening Giant," by W. S. Woytinsky *(Harper. 201 pp. $3.75), is a review of India's economic programs and a study of how they are affecting the sub-continent's future.*

By Marion Daniel Bailey

IN "India: The Awakening Giant," W. S. Woytinsky has written a detailed and informative study of Indian economics, a review of wages, foreign trade, industry, natural resources, Five-Year Plans, education programs, the Community Development projects, and India's efforts to define her own brand of socialism. The book thus fills a void in post-independence Indian literature, for it presents, for the first time, a picture of the sub-continent's various official programs to overcome its manifest poverty.

The book, however, must be viewed almost solely as an economic review in which most of Mr. Woytinsky's attention and skill have been devoted to economics and to matters immediately affecting economics. The book's pretense as a broad report on India is unjustified, and as a prognostication of India's future it is incomplete and misleading. In his hunt for the basic causes of India's difficulties he has assumed that they are largely economic and he has not investigated properly the related and transcendently important fields of politics and social matters, on which he apparently

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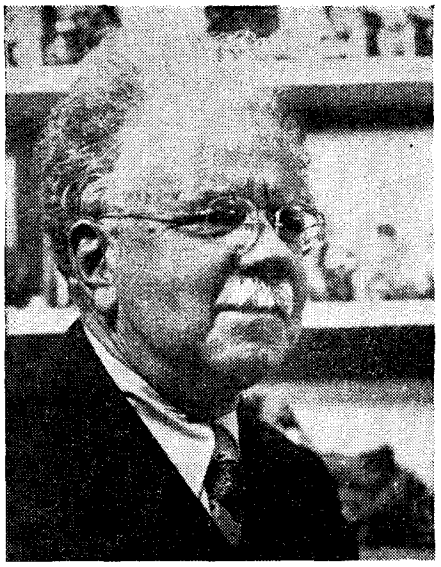

Woytinsky—"details India's economics."

accepted pat, optimistic answers. His conclusion that India's problems can be cured simply by overhauling her economic programs therefore is faulty.

One of his principal recommendations—a sharp increase in the educational and agricultural projects—is very correct. The trouble is that Mr. Woytinsky does not realize just how desperately right he is; for when he cites a lack of initiative among the masses as the cause and a new "community" spirit as the goal and leaves the reader with the impression that India has a chance of success in a few years, he is reckoning for an almost non-existent climate of social and political compatibility. He dismisses lightly such issues as caste, religion, Communists and linguistic states, although the latter problem has dealt the Congress, just in the past twelve months, a stunning blow of consequences not yet fully realized. The hope that India *could* wait a few years for the success of the government's programs has been destroyed by the Communist victory in Kerala state, a development which came about while Mr. Woytinsky's book was on the press. Thus also is demonstrated an error of the Congress's very efforts to establish a new community attitude: paradoxically, the government's attempts to change India's established cultural orders have had the effect of defeating their purpose and driving the people in another direction.

The fundamental question, then, is not whether India's various economic programs will succeed, but whether the country will survive as one, free nation. The First Five-Year Plan substantively was a failure; the second is compounding errors of the first, with even greater emphasis on industrialization, actually furthering the plight of the masses. For the first time since 1952, there is starvation in many areas. The *New York Times* recently quoted "an Indian official" as saying "The people want food and cloth" and understand little else.

A miracle is asked; and the challenge may be beyond the physical strength and the already frustrated ambition of the sixty-eight-year-old Nehru. History may question whether it was ever promising and wise to undertake the governmental unification of the sub-continent democratically; and history suggests also a solution which many Indian intellectuals are urging and which Nehru might yet consider: an authoritarian regime.

If India is an awakening giant, as the title of Mr. Woytinsky's book proclaims, it also is a giant in a grim struggle to keep from strangling to death in the tangle of his own bed covers.

FROM JUDO TO ATOMS: While in Japan as part of the American occupation troops in 1945 and 1946, one of the things that amazed me was the optimistic talk and spirit of Japanese businessmen and industrialists despite the surrounding rubbish heaps to which their cities had been reduced. Today that optimism is justified if we but look at Japanese industrial production, which has zoomed to at least 200 per cent over prewar figures. **"Shoriki"** (Exposition Press, $3.50), by Edward Uhlan ("The Rogue of Publisher's Row") and noted business editor Dana L. Thomas ("Fifty Great Americans"), should help the general reader to understand the vast stake we have in Japan's future and to recognize both friends and enemies of our political and economic interests.

With reportorial zest, Messrs. Uhlan and Thomas analyze the contemporary Japanese scene by drawing a portrait of Shoriki, Japan's first Atomic Energy Commissioner and a newspaper publisher whose influence and ingenuity has been likened to Hearst's. Seventy-two-year-old Shoriki can look back at a career that resembles that of many an American business success story. Starting out as a police official he proved to his billy-swinging colleagues that peaceful means could be more persuasive in handling riot-bent crowds. As publisher of Tokyo's *Yomiuri* newspaper he outdistanced his big competitors by capturing public attention with such stunts as cramping newsmen into a gondola to explore a volcanic crater, sponsoring master game tournaments, and offering free excursion tickets. By tieing up with the American International News Service, Shoriki outmaneuvered his competitors in providing news coverage while his admiration for American ways led him to introduce professional baseball, commercial radio, and television. In all, Shoriki's career is a remarkable one and his eulogistic biographers have given it a bouncy journalistic treatment.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE BRINK OF SILENCE *Charlotte Jay* (Harper: $3.50)	Australian brother and sister grow up on New Guinea isle; violence flares as second lad pays visit while natives celebrate Feast of the Dead.	Exotic yarn in exotic setting covers many years and is told by various narrators; pace halted by descriptions, emotional passages, introspection.	Atmosphere abounds.
THE GUILTY AND THE INNOCENT *William Bixley* (Philosophical Library: $6)	Subtitled "My Fifty Years at the Old Bailey"; author was official at London's Central Criminal Court.	Cases will be largely old hat to true devotees: Crippen, Thompson-Bywaters, Heath, Christie, et al.	Sketchy.
THE TROUBLE WITH FIDELITY *George Malcolm-Smith* (Crime Club: $2.95)	Lenny Painter, Hartford insurance eye, trails 500 G's removed by clever jugglery; numerous cops lend good help; there are dead.	Trail takes in NY, Newark, Buffalo, Detroit, Boston, Bangor; fast, sprightly yarn sparkles with bright lines; pace beautiful.	A lulu.
JUDICIAL BODY *Margaret Scherf* (Crime Club: $2.95)	US Supreme Court justice is overtaken by arsenicated cheese dip at NY cocktail blowout.	Family involvements bulk large; dialogue all over; other deaths precede finale.	Medium.
ONE MINUTE PAST EIGHT *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.95)	Boston mfr. flies to Venezuela to engineer deal with step-brother; death strikes in Caracas as 120 G's are sought.	Scenery pleasant, as always; female lead not too credible; local cops businesslike; pace not so fast as usual.	As noted.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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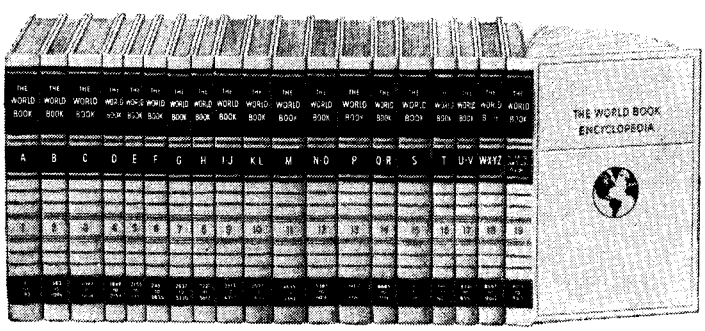

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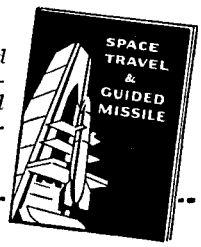

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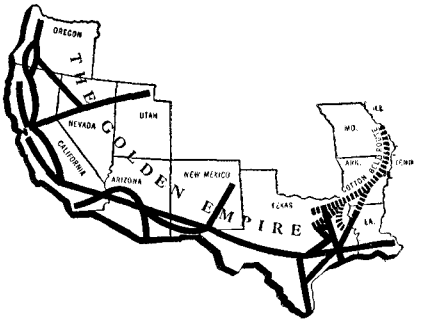

Southern Pacific

EDUCATION

Undernourished Education

"What We Want of Our Schools," by Irving Adler *(John Day. 256 pp. $3.75), examines some of the major educational policies of the day and attempts to prove that they impoverish our modern schools. Our reviewer, Paul Woodring, is the author of "A Fourth of a Nation" and "Let's Talk Sense About Our Schools."*

By Paul Woodring

IRVING ADLER is identified on the dust jacket of his book as "a parent, a school teacher, a scholar, a taxpayer, and an author of books for youngsters." Since all Americans pay taxes, tens of millions are parents, and more than a million are teachers, this seems to establish the author as a fairly representative citizen except for the fact that he writes books for children. His views are those of such a citizen who has given a considerable amount of thought to educational problems. Although the foreword was written by Robert Maynard Hutchins, whose views are not exactly at the dead center in the educational controversy, Mr. Adler has attempted to see both sides of many difficult issues and to state the problems in perspective. Except for one chapter the book represents a calm appraisal rather than an extreme view.

The author sets out "to examine critically some of the major currents in educational policy and show how they impoverish education." Among these "major currents" he includes the rise and fall of Progressive Education, the use of I. Q. tests on children, and the current attitudes toward the place of the three R's in the country's schools. "Our schools," he says, "are permeated by educational theories and practices that tend to hold children back, and that tend to deprive many of them of equality of educational opportunity. The crisis through which our schools are passing is a crisis of educational policy as well as a budgetary crisis. These two aspects of the school crisis are related. Inadequate financing of the schools makes education deteriorate. But no craftsman likes to admit that he is producing shoddy merchandise. The strong tendency toward self-justification that exists in us all leads some in the teaching profession to accept theories behind which the defects of the schools can be hidden."

This is true and important, but in choosing his prime example of unsound theories Mr. Adler comes close to tilting at windmills. In a chapter titled, "The I. Q. Hoax" he sets out to disprove what he calls "the I. Q. Theory," which he describes as the theory that the I. Q. is "constant through life," that its measurement is "accurate and easy to get" and that this makes it unnecessary to try to educate dull children. As evidence that there is such a theory and that it dominates American education, Mr. Adler quotes a British psychologist but does not give the name of the book, the publisher, or the date of publication—(this lack of documentation is found throughout the book). This reviewer, who is sympathetic with Mr. Adler's major aims, would be prone to ignore this attack were it not for the fact that the publisher in his jacket blurb singles it out as the major contribution of the book.

It is true that some teachers and parents have misinterpreted I. Q. scores and that this needs to be pointed out. But to build these misinterpretations up into a nationwide hoax is preposterous. The I. Q. *is* neither a theory nor a hoax. It is merely a ratio between mental age, as measured on a test, and the child's age in years.

Many psychologists believe that individual differences in learning ca-

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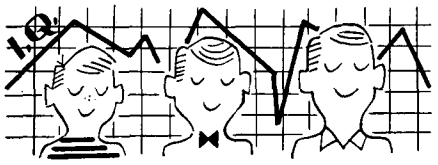
pacity have an inherited physiological base as do individual differences in other human traits. But few, if any, deny that test scores are greatly influenced by the environment and none would conclude that it is useless to try to improve the learning of a child who makes low scores. A major emphasis of the entire testing movement has been on finding ways of adapting sound education to different levels of ability.

The fact that the I. Q. is not constant does not mean that its meas-



urement is useless. Blood pressure is not constant either; it changes from day to day and from year to year, but this does not mean that the physician who takes your blood pressure and uses it as a part of his diagnosis is perpetrating a hoax.

The whole question of the nature of intelligence, its measurement, and its physiological base with inherited limitations in the structure of the nervous system, is an enormously complicated one which is troublesome to the most able psychologists. In trying to solve these questions in a few forensic pages Mr. Adler has ventured beyond his competence.

When he discusses the place of the three R's in education and the rise and fall of Progressivism, Mr. Adler is on more familiar ground and his writing has a professional ring. He

contributes a thoughtful and sympathetic chapter on the problems of desegregation. "The present nationwide campaign for integration in education," he says, "is more than an effort to accord the Negro people the rights to which they are entitled. It is a campaign to enrich the United States, and bring lasting benefits to us all."

His analysis of Progressive Education and its critics is well balanced and he does not make the common mistake of blaming Dewey for all the excesses of his followers. In discussing the critics of the Progressive movement he deals harshly with those whose primary aim is to reduce taxes and sympathetically with those who wish to improve the schools by re-

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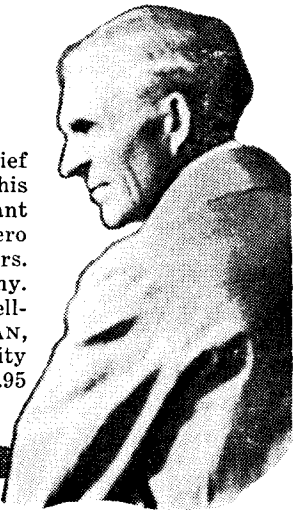

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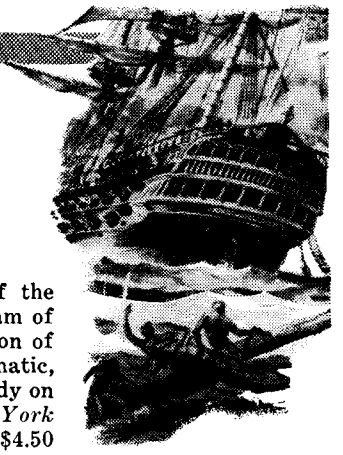

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A History of American Magazines

by FRANK LUTHER MOTT

The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press proudly announces the reprinting of Volumes I, II and III of this monumental work — Volumes II and III were awarded Pulitzer Prizes. With Volume IV, printed earlier this year, the complete set of four is now available, encompassing the years 1741-1905.

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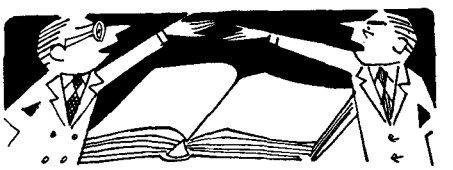
storing their intellectual content. But he does not give the intellectual critics his unqualified endorsement. Bestor is criticized for the "onesidedness of his approach and the peevishment of his tone," and Lynd for taking the "superficial" view that "professors of Education are the root of all evil in the public schools."

This effort to see both sides will probably make Mr. Adler's book unpopular with those who have chosen sides in the educational controversy and may cause it to receive less attention than the more extreme views.



This is unfortunate for the time has come to put an end to name calling, to examine the real issues, and to look for solutions.

The solutions will not be found in this book for the author comes to no very clear conclusions, offers no definite proposals for changes, and does not make clear where the responsibility lies. But the book does represent an effort to wrestle with the important issues and we can agree with Mr. Hutchins who says in the foreword that "we must be grateful to Mr. Adler for asking the right questions."

NORTH CAROLINA: In 1900 the University of North Carolina was a good undergraduate college. By 1930 it had become a leading Southern university, noted for its graduate and professional training, its library, and its press. Louis R. Wilson, who helped achieve this transformation, tells how it was done in **"The University of North Carolina, 1900-1930: The Making of a Modern University"** (University of North Carolina Press, $7.50). Dr. Wilson's readable narrative, organized around five successive presidential administrations viewed with sympathy and admiration, is essentially a triumphant forward march to institutional greatness, with pauses here and there for the scotching of an obstreperous football coach, a financial crisis, or an anti-evolutionary movement. A somewhat more critical approach might have added greater depth to the wealth of useful information that fills this big, attractive book. —HAL BRIDGES.

SOUTH CAROLINA: The first volume of Daniel Walker Hollis's able sesquicentennial history of the University of South Carolina dealt with the prosperous ante-bellum College and its educational leadership in the Old South. Now in the second and concluding volume **"University of South Carolina: College to University"** (University of South Carolina Press, $5), Professor Hollis covers the turbulent years from 1865 to 1956, during which the university was reorganized six times and, in Reconstruction days, became the only Southern university attended by both Negro and white students. Typical of the author's judicious scholarship is his conclusion that "judged by the achievements of its Negro graduates, the Reconstruction University hardly deserves the contempt it has received" in South Carolina tradition. Throughout, Professor Hollis's approach is one of critical open-mindedness; the result is a superior university history. —H. B.

STANFORD: Elwood Patterson Cubberly began teaching in a one-room Indiana school in 1888 and went on to become one of the nation's leading educators. His professional success story is told in **"Cubberly of Stanford and His Contribution to American Education,"** by Jesse B. Sears and Adin D. Henderson (Stanford University Press, $5.75). Long the head of the School of Education at Stanford, Cubberly pioneered in modern methods of teacher training, edited an influential series of textbooks, lectured widely, wrote numerous textbooks and histories of education, grew wealthy, and on his retirement in 1933 presented Stanford with a trust fund of more than half a million dollars. He died in 1941. This laudatory biography of a "nonprogressive" throws light on that considerable part of the American educational world which remained outside the progressive-school movement inspired by John Dewey's philosophy. —H. B.

MACALESTER: Those who do not understand that the first duty of an American college president is raising money should read **"James Wallace of Macalester,"** by Edwin Kagin (Doubleday, $3.50). For most of his long life (1849-1939) James Wallace was associated with Macalester College, St. Paul, Minn. As president during the depression of the 1890s he saved the college from extinction by traveling about the country begging small sums from wealthy individuals. Seven years of this moved him to say of the task of a college president: "If he can read or write so much the better, but he *must* be able to raise money." This excellent biography, which makes discerning use of family letters and diaries, brings vividly to life a re-

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markable personality. There is a foreword by DeWitt Wallace, editor of the *Reader's Digest*, and fifth child of James Wallace. —H. B.

YALE: The history of the Yale Divinity School from the founding in 1701 to the present day is recorded in **"Yale and the Ministry,"** by Roland H. Bainton, professor of Church History at the school (Harper, $5). Professor Bainton believes that southern New England with Yale as its ministerial center has maintained for two and a half centuries an unbroken religious continuity based upon theology, piety, and social reform. These three themes run through the book, which is rich in information on the religious life and thought of the region and on the leadership exerted by such men as Jonathan Edwards, Lyman and Henry Ward Beecher, and Horace Bushnell. Line drawings by the author illustrate this felicitously written volume. —H. B.

ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY: It was said of the founders, when St. Lawrence University was established under Universalist Church sponsorship in 1856 at Canton, N.Y., that "they have lit in the wilderness a candle which will never be extinguished." And now that the flame has burned through a century we have a commemorative volume, **"Candle in the Wilderness: A Centennial History of the St. Lawrence University,"** edited by Louis H. Pink and Rutherford E. Relmage (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $5). The book consists of fifteen sketches by faculty members of various aspects of the founding and subsequent development of the university. A prominent figure in the modern period is Owen D. Young, who ranks as the school's most distinguished alumnus and chief benefactor. Mr. Young has written a brief foreword to the book. —H. B.

My Father's Curse

By Guy Owen

MY FATHER strode in anvil boots
Across the fields he cursed;
His iron fingers bruised the roots
Of green, he stabbed the earth.

My father swore at sun and rain;
His sweep cut bean and weed,
And where his fiery plow had lain
The ruined earth would bleed.

Yet though he raged in bitter brew
Thick oaths that belled his throat,
God rammed His springing juices through
And fleshed Himself in fruit.

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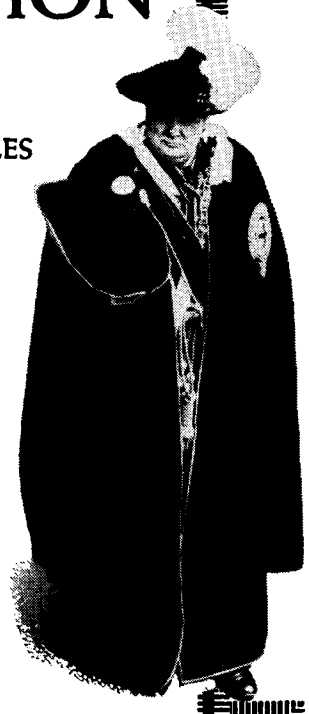

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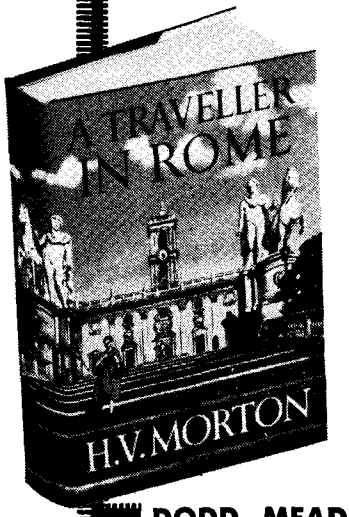

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Fiction

Continued from page 27

take of asking his boss, a Jew, to treat him like a white man.

In Mr. Maund's world of Gothic involutions there is a place for the outsider only if he inflicts himself on his own people. Thus, in the tale of Teacher-Man, a crazy white evangelist is tolerated by the community until he enlists the help of an innocent Negro. Here the color line whips both ways. "Jonah's Story" concerns the punishment given to a white man unjustly accused of raping a young girl —and how lucky he was not to be a Negro when he was charged with a crime he didn't commit. The tenderest trap Mr. Maund's people work their way into is that which entices Sam Cutler, the janitor of a Negro school. Sam visits the white schoolteacher one evening at her home because he wants to learn to read and do numbers. But the teacher wants sex—and Sam is mighty frustrated.

THE longest and most ambitious tale in this book, "The Woman's Story," is, in this reviewer's opinion, the least successful. Here, the author tries to draw a parallel between human and animal relationships by having a team of professors demonstrate the feasibility of getting cats and rats to live together peacefully. When the same method is applied to Whites and Negroes it fails, or rather, explodes into violence. But the story is much too involved and overly symbolized for its message.

All the tales are modulations on a basic theme. The travelers are running away from the law to save their essential humanity. Mr. Maund's great contribution to what may seem at first like familiar material is the vitality of his characters. They are pursued, and one is even killed, but none are defeated. How he saves them for a fresh start, may strike some readers as a little tricky, although it is thoroughly in character. Not a polished work of art, "The Big Boxcar" suggests a Negro blues song—sad, funny, improvised and written from the heart.

WEE SANDY: David Walker calls his newest book **"Sandy Was a Soldier's Boy"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3), "a fable," which would handicap it in America at once. It has nothing of the fairy tale about it, except the familiar plot of the small boy trespassing onto forbidden ground, and encountering giants (the colonel of his father's regiment), ogres (Miss Abigail, the eccentric owner of the estate he has

Maund—"tales of woe."

broken into), and the princess (the colonel's daughter). There is the dangerous "Secret Place" of weapons or magic, the hydrogen-atomic variety, to be guarded against the attacks of the enemy, and Sandy, of course, will be the small hero who saves the day. It is all very English, or rather Scottish, since Sandy is the son of Pipe Major McBain of the Black Watch, Royal Highland Regiment, with a proud history of regimental heroism, to which Sandy's exploits will be added.

It is not a book to set the Thames on fire, or do much to the Hudson, but it does have a sturdy charm.

—EVELYN EATON.

BERLIN STORY: There is charm and warmth and a whole recreated atmosphere in Stefanie Lauer's **"Home is the Place"** (Knopf, $3.95), a reminiscence of family life in Berlin just before World War II. But the chief wonder of the book is: how was Stefanie Lauer able to write it in this way, in charm and humor and without darkness, except upon the very last pages? For this was a Jewish family and its doom was foreshadowed. The book is clear of gloom, deliberately cast in the innocence of childish optimism, and we are reminded of this line in Anne Frank's diary: "In spite of everything I still believe that people are really good at heart—."

Like children, the adults, too, had no fears of what the visible future might bring. Life was too serene, too colorful, too *gemütlich*, to permit of the realities of such silly nightmares. The children lived their playful, fairy-

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tale lives in complete confidence. They looked up to their father, a kind, humorous, loving man, and to their beautiful mother, who ran the family in complete serenity. She educated them in all the essentials of manners, religion, sex, birth, death, spicing it all with endless anecdotes of her remarkable youth, her suitors, her adventures. And there was a gallery of loved ones, all sentimental, uninhibited, seen with a frank and engaging astringence of view, the way in which children observe the clumsy and unconvincing adults about them.

The bad times did break into the happy dream. One night men came to the door to take Daddy away, and they never saw him again. At once Mother knew what to do, and bent every effort to acquire exit papers for the children. Ruth, Ursula, Robert, were gotten out in haste, just as the first set of Nuremberg Laws were put into operation. Mother, Tania, Susie, Siegmund, Omchen, like six million others, did not escape. This is the thunderclap to end the long summer's day. But it is the long day, the sunshine, the laughing, the good food and the dancing, which Miss Lauer chooses to record and to celebrate. Perhaps that is the symptom of health, and recovery from nightmare.

—NATHAN ROTHMAN.

LONELINESS IN THE NORTH: Gabrielle Roy's **"Street of Riches"** (translated by Harry Binsse; Harcourt, Brace, $3.95) carries forward her studies of French-Canadian life with a group of vignettes drawn chiefly from her

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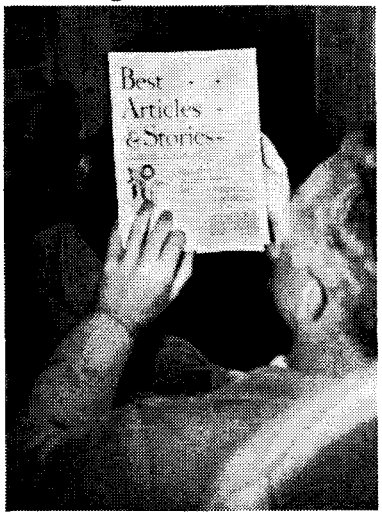

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childhood. The "street of riches," rue Deschambault, is in the little town of St. Boniface in Manitoba, far from the familiar landscapes of French Canada. Here the narrator's father had emigrated from the Province of Quebec to serve as an official of the Ministry of Colonization, keeping the peace among his Dukhobors and Ruthenians on the prairie.

Again and again the child Christine returns to the theme of crushing loneliness: the father, isolated from his sisters and half-forgotten by them; the mother, so driven by her desire to renew contact with her people that she boards all the children but Christine and sets off on a wild, unauthorized journey across Canada with her small daughter; the sister Odette, who withdraws into the silence of a convent; and the little sister Alicia, who disappears into the darkness of madness and death. Friendship and kindness only partially mitigate the endless solitude.

Many of Miss Roy's stories are lyrical sketches and impressions rather than fully developed narratives. She often displays notable skill in creating and evoking a mood, but the book unfortunately is hampered by an awkward translation.

—MILTON CRANE.

PICARESQUE PATH: "Where the Soil Was Shallow" (translated by Anthony Kerrigan; Regnery, $4.95), is José María Gironella's second work to be translated into English. The present novel, written several years before "The Cypresses Believe in God," tells about Miguel Serra. Miguel, narcissistically absorbed by his own amorphous soul and gelatinous character, has a series of adventures and contacts that in their variety and realism suggest the picaresque novel of the Golden Age. Born in Paris of a French mother and a Catalan father, our hero goes to school in Navarre, attends a Jesuit seminary in Belgium, lives briefly in Ireland, runs a bookstore in Paris, takes a traveling circus from Germany to Hungary, and winds up finally as a smugglers' agent in Barcelona. Inevitably there are women along the way, but Miguel is no Don Juan, and it may be said that in fact he hardly knows what to make of the women he is attracted to.

Through all his wanderings and in the midst of all his devotions, either to God, in his seminarist stage, or to his tight-rope walking mistress, he is tormented by doubt, reservations and an inner anxiety about his own sense of purpose and direction. He never truly grows up. I believe the author means to suggest something profound and perhaps symbolic in the delineation of such a character, but if there is such a significance in our hero's torments I fear it will escape the reader's eye.

There is however a good deal of life and vigor in the book; some of the minor characters are well drawn and the circus tour gives the reader a fine sense of motion as well as some good descriptive detail.

—THOMAS G. BERGIN.

"Is this the way to the Coney Island Avenue exit?"

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History

Continued from page 24

action is something that he tends to take for granted, instead of wondering about it as Southey did about the Battle of Blenheim. Wonder is perhaps more appropriate for a poet than it is for a statesman. But history written without wonder never really gets very far below the surface of things.

AGE OF THE COFFEE HOUSE: The recent proliferation of Espresso cafés in New York and London may remind the historically minded of the popularity of coffee-houses in an earlier, less pressurized era. The first coffee house in Christendom was opened by a Jew in Oxford in 1650; and by the beginning of the eighteenth century about two thousand coffee houses flourished in London alone. For an admission charge of one penny and courteous conduct, customers came to these houses attracted not only by an aromatic beverage but by the opportunity to meet other men in an atmosphere of informal and democratic fellowship, to discuss such topics of interest as politics or literature or commerce. Here they could be clubbable without the annoying chatter or distracting charms of ladies. But by the end of the century the coffee houses declined, for a variety of reasons; and many of their functions were taken over by private clubs and salons.

A newly published history of the coffee houses, **"The Penny Universities,"** by Aytoun Ellis (Macmillan, $6) tells the whole story, from the introduction of coffee into England until the decline of the houses where it was drunk. It is a full and discursive history, written in an informal chatty style, and based on a very generous knowledge of primary sources—documents, newspapers, squibs, pamphlets, diaries, and letters. Assisted by excellent illustrations, it conveys an authentic period flavor.

—Robert Halsband.

ELIZABETHAN AGE IN TEXT AND PICTURE: Intelligent Elizabethans read history as a comment on the present. Today we can best understand that age through the events of our own times; through bitter experience we now realize (as our grandparents could not) that the great Tudors were dictators of the kind so painfully familiar in the mid-twentieth century. They too maintained their supremacy by suppression of comment, spying, torture, unscrupulous propaganda, falsification of documents and a religion enforced by the State. Though the Elizabethan glamor, so largely created by Victorian romantics, is growing somewhat dimmer yet the age is not less fascinating for the student of history.

Allardyce Nicoll's **"The Elizabethans"** (Cambridge University Press, $5) is a little book (174 pages) about equally divided into pictures and illustrative material from contemporary writers, arranged into seventeen main sections. It is thus a new—but small—version of that monumental classic, "Shakespeare's England." The pictures are well chosen from many sources, but they underline the fact that the social life of Elizabethan England is inadequately illustrated, for crude woodcuts from contemporary pamphlets are a poor substitute for the realistic miniatures of the Middle Ages or the charming intimacy of the Dutch pictures of the early seventeenth century.

As a literary picture of the age, the book is less successful. Too much is attempted in too small a space. The extracts from contemporaries are all brief, sometimes confined to a single sentence; and almost all come from literary works, not from letters. In some sections compression leads to distortion. Professor Nicoll writes of the enigma of the age; but an enigma, to be appreciated, needs considerable variety of contrasting examples. Thus the section on the Church—not the least of the Elizabethan enigmas—contains only two hurried pages of text.

However, it would be ungrateful to carp overmuch at Professor Nicoll's choice either of pictures or quotations; and his claim that an age should be studied through pictures as much as

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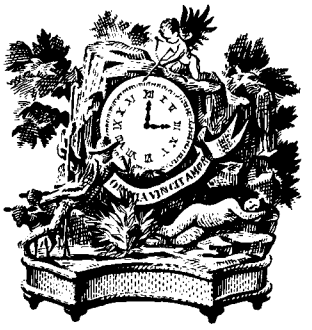

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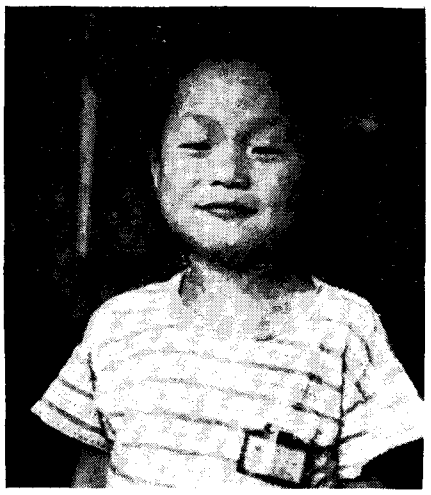

"I AM GOING TO BE A TEACHER"

Six-year-old Yoo Song Kim entered the first grade last April. He gets good marks and his wish to become a teacher is natural, for in Korea, a scholar is greatly revered and respected. Yoo Song, who was born after his father was killed in a bombing raid, is today supported by a widowed mother. Despite a crippled left hand, Mrs. Kim is a bread peddler and works late into the night to support two boys.

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through words cannot too often be stressed. "The Elizabethans" is a useful and handsome introduction for anyone attracted to the age of Shakespeare. —G. B. HARRISON.

THE DISTAFF SIDE: There are many approaches to the always engrossing subject of women. A few years ago we had Simone de Beauvoir's tome analyzing "The Second Sex" with pitiless passion and detail. Now, in Doris Mary Stenton's **"The English Woman in History"** (Macmillan, $8), we have a very different treatment of the subject. Lady Stenton is a historian, and her book surveys the subject rather than plumbs it. Her point of view is impeccably documented and stiffly impersonal. She begins with the Northumbrian queen who bore the unlikely name of Bebbe and ends with Florence Nightingale. For her materials she relies on many historical sources ranging from seals and court records to personal letters and diaries, but as befitting a historical survey she disregards fiction and other imaginative literature.

A pattern emerges from the many disparate bits of evidence. Under the Anglo-Saxons women held substantial privileges; but the Normans, in imposing the feudal system, reduced them to a subordinate status. Their privileges began to be restored during the Renaissance, with extra impetus from the shining example of Queen Elizabeth. After that their rise was steady, assisted by the pioneer feminists of the early eighteenth century and by the more aggressive advocates of the nineteenth. "Never underestimate the power of a woman," runs a splashy ad. If true, it has taken women a long time to win that power. —R.H.

THE HOUSE OF HENRY: It would be pleasant to report that Alfred Duggan's **"The Devil's Brood"** (Coward-McCann, $5), a medieval pageant about Henry II and his sons, and about the "beautiful and turbulent" Eleanor of Aquitaine, was a creditable, if not an outstanding job.

Such, however, unfortunately, cannot be said. It is not merely that Mr. Duggan, who has won critical acclaim for his six historical novels, continuously hovers between the inaccurate and the arbitrary, as, for example, when he makes the Salic law

Pieta

By Maggie Rennert

MY AUNT JENNY, once queen of her cinnamon kitchen,
sits exiled in a hospital solarium,
not looking at her once-tall husband,
praying her son to come from coma.
Doctors battle darkness for his breath.

White male, aged 28, found unconscious by a highway—
how many righteous muttered "drunk" and passed
before the trooper came along? Silent, identified,
and technically alive my cousin lies
in an array of tubes, his last events unknown.

This was the round-eyed blue-wool baby, dribbling
under a pompon cap, when I wore mary-janes
and, lectured, grudged my toys to his short-pants brother
in the rotund Sunday afternoons.
Pretty Aunt Jenny, trim of waist and tiny of foot,
your red-gold springing curls rang in my mind
like morning footsteps on frost-covered snow.

Sorrow now to Jenny of the faded hair,
turning stunned eyes to every entrance,
desperately tuning the hearing-aid
hidden in the shelf of her bosom.
God help you, Jenny, there is nothing to hear but waiting.
Ah Jenny too ample for this glassy light,
this white wrought-iron, these careful flowers—

I send you all my useless love. With all my memory,
I weep for your skilful fingers aimless among the magazines.

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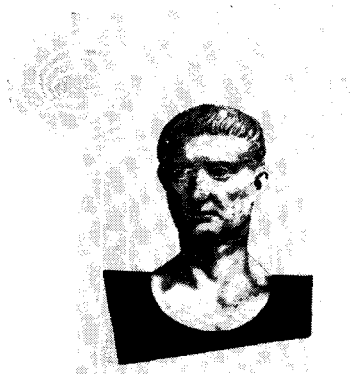

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DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

crucial to his story, although it was not until the death of Charles IV some 150 years later that an assembly of French barons declared formally that "no woman or her son could succeed to the monarchy." Nor is it only that the light touch of his novels—reiterated reference to King John as "darling little John," for example—becomes flippancy in a serious chronicle.

It is rather that he still does not realize that he is not writing fiction. "What was wrong with the house of Anjou?" he asks, and answers: "The real culprit was the legend of Melusine." To explain: the ancestral Plantagenet, Black Fulke, had married a daughter of Satan, and since the Plantagenets (*i.e.* the house of Anjou) knew they were descended from Satan, they acted accordingly. In the most accepted version of the Melusine (whose name may have meant *mère de Lusignes*) story, she was not a daughter of Satan but a half-serpent water fairy, and did not marry Black Fulke, but Count Raymond (of the Lusignans) de Poitiers.

The whole thing is more of an ingenious idea for a fiction writer than a matter on which to base serious history. Cobbler, stick to your last. An excellent writer of historical fiction. Mr. Duggan cannot get back to the historical novel too soon.

—THOMAS C. CHUBB.

ENGLISH SAVIOR: Sir Robert Walpole, father of Horace of Strawberry Hill, Lord High Admiral at the age of twenty-nine, financial savior of England after the South Sea Bubble crisis, and prime minister from 1721 to 1742, was one of the founders of the Whig political power that ran England for almost fifty years after the death of Queen Anne. Shrewd in counsel, vigorous in debate, resourceful in maintaining financial stability, and level-headed in the task of keeping out of Continental wars, he is the subject of J. H. Plumb's evaluation, **"Sir Robert Walpole: The Making of a Statesman"** (Houghton Mifflin, $5 50).

Although Dr. Plumb's book is concerned only with those years leading up to Walpole's prime ministership, it is packed with the details necessary to portray the classes of men and the structure of government in his time, and to support the author's claim in epitomizing Walpole's statesmanlike use of political opportunities: "He preserved the structure of government at a time when it could easily have dissolved in chaos." The full definition of Walpole's power during the years of his ministry is to come in a further volume, which, if it equals the present one, will be a valuable addition to the bibliography on this creative statesman.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

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Ordeals . . . Woman

Continued from page 15

militarized, American women blunt the sharpness of the obsession with arms and power. Discussing the history of the Spartan state, Arnold Toynbee points out that the men were caught in the rigidity of overspecialization to arms, and only the women in the end could adapt themselves to changing conditions, winning thus the moral superiority over the men and even the political and economic control. This was not the last time in history that men's concentration on power stripped them of their flexibility and gave the women a moral edge on them.

HOWEVER important the humanizing role of the American woman, her creative achievements at the top level have not matched those of the men. There have been good novelists (Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, Willa Cather), poets (Emily Dickinson, Edna Millay, Elinor Wylie), short-story writers (Katherine Anne Porter, Eudora Welty), dramatists (Lillian Hellman), dancers (Martha Graham). But except perhaps for Emily Dickinson none have seemed to break through to the furthest reaches of achievement. But this merely shifts the analysis and poses the question of whether there may not be certain modes of creating that are closer to feminine temperament and for which the dominant cultural drives in America offer little scope. One could, for example, conceive of an American woman novelist who might be another Henry James, but not of one who would be another Melville, Dreiser, Hemingway, or Faulkner. We would have to conclude that the main drives in American culture are creatively less assessable and congenial to women than to men, and that the "creative component" in women finds less hospitality within the American cultural frame. For the dominant energies of American culture are power-saturated, violence-ridden, filled with pursuits and triumphs, so that the creative woman finds herself cut off from them and less expressive within them. Hence she turns to the novel of manners, to the short story, to the dance, in all of which she can either operate as a marginal commentator on the American scene or express her own form of protest against it.

This does not mean that the American woman belongs, as several writers have put it, to the "lost sex." She is no more "lost" than her husband or her brother, except that she finds it harder to perform her variety of social roles without feeling the full weight of the cultural contradictions that bear down on her. Like men, she has suffered a loss of function in losing the productive place she once had in the frontier and farm home; nor

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

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Many writers in many fields (most, but not all, of them male) have preferred to be known by their front initials plus their surnames. Leon Baden of Toledo, Ohio, submits twenty such combinations uncombined and asks you to recombine them. Answers on page 63.

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2. E. E.	( ) Tomlinson
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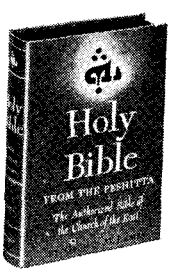

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has she been able to replace it with a sense of new power over the environment, as the men have largely done. But it is a distortion to think of her as suffering badly from a lack of function.

If anything, she is bedeviled by too many functions. She leads simultaneously a multiplicity of lives, playing at once the role of sexual partner, mother, home manager, hostess, nurse, shopper, figure of glamour, supervisor of the children's schooling and play and trips, culture audience and culture carrier, clubwoman, and often worker or careerist. Of the two sexes, it is the man who is specialized to making a living or money, or working at whatever productive job he is doing; the woman, remaining unspecialized, becomes the converging point for all the pressures of the culture. The usual portrait in the foreign commentaries, picturing the American woman as idle, wasteful, and pampered, is not one she will herself recognize. If she has lost some of the stamina of her slightly mystical pioneer grandmother, she has had to take on jobs and problems that her ancestors never dreamed of. She is prized and bedecked as never before, is freer of a tyrannical husband than ever, is equal to him before the law, and has had opened to her a range of opportunities and activities that no civilization before has ever offered to a woman.

THE crux lies neither in the biological nor economic disabilities of women, but in their sense of being caught between a man's world which they have no real will to achieve and a world of their own in which they find it hard to be fulfilled. Thus, Thurber's famous drawings of the "war between the sexes" (where but in America could so savage a conception, so furiously executed, strike so deep a response?) do not reach that most tragic theme, which is the war within women's own hearts. When Walt Whitman exhorted women "to give up toys and fictions and launch forth, as men do, amid real, independent, stormy life," he was thinking—as were many of his contemporaries—of the wrong kind of equalitarianism.

The American woman did it, thinking she was doing it to show she was as good as the man. In the sense that she achieved a new kind of freedom of action for herself and the whole family structure, the movement for equal rights and jobs was a fruitful one. Yet the bobbed hair, the latchkey of her own, the cigarette, the cocktail, the ballet, the pay envelope, proved to be symbols of a quest not so much for equality as for identity. And she has been kept from finding herself

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mainly because all her cultural conditioning—in the setting of American equalitarianism and the American economy—has been at once to compete with the man and to manipulate him. As she grows up, her preparation is to find the right man for marriage and marry him before her attractiveness and bargaining power have been diminished. What resources she will bring to the marriage is left to the chance of the individual instance. The whole duty of parents is held to be that of teaching their daughters the code of what girls do and don't do, dressing them to the extent of the family means (and sometimes beyond), giving them accomplishments and schooling, and marrying them off well. As to what will happen after marriage, it is assumed that the sum of her wisdom will be to have children (not too many) and look after them, furnish a house or apartment, keep her looks and figure, build a circle of friends, and prevent her husband's attention from wandering too much. The question "Are you happy?" is more often addressed to the woman than to the man and has come to have almost a technical meaning in the American cultural context, as if to say, "Are you content with your domestic arrangements, and are you getting along pretty well with your husband and children?"

What women become is thus largely what they are expected to become by the standards of a culture in which the male is held to be the prized quarry and the female the lucky or luckless hunter. The ultimate disaster for women is to miss out on getting a husband. But the unhappiness of the unmarried woman is less the cultural problem of America than the unhappiness of the married one.

The unhappy wife has become a characteristic American culture type. She may feel that what her husband expects of her is trivial and trivializing. In the low income groups she spends her best energies as the heroic family economist, but not always with a sense that the heroism leads anywhere. In the upper income groups she is often forced back into the erotic dream world of plays, movies, and novels, into psychoanalysis, even into astrology and spiritualism and all the thousand ways by which a discontented woman expresses the autumn of her discontent. Where psychoanalysts are too expensive, there is not less need for help: a recent American study of "where people take their troubles" has revealed the quackeries and charlatanisms that shoot up like weeds out of this psychic need. The classic studies by G. V. Hamilton and Katherine Davis show to what extent women of all income groups feel themselves sexually unsatisfied, and a number of recent studies—including the insights offered by the Kinsey volume on women—evidence the fact that a substantial percentage of American women find fitful sexual adventures in extramarital relations. This sense of being emotionally unfulfilled, along with the sense of being socially unused and functionless, combine to create what Pearl Buck has called the "tinderbox woman" in America.

Nor has it helped the unhappy woman to know that she has become the focus of the system of consumption and adornment, the moon that radiates the shimmering surface of American life. What she wants is not to be treated like a well-dressed toy or called "Baby" but to be a person in her own right, with an emotional and intellectual life that makes her a person. As a brainless charmer, who needs to be protected and who learns to manipulate her protector and provider, or—in recoil from that—as the determined careerist who demands the chance to show she equals the male on every level, the American woman finds herself in a blind alley.

ONE key to her plight is the freezing of models and roles for the behavior of the sexes in the culture. There is an idealized model for both male and female at which each has been culturally conditioned to aim, as an image of oneself and also as an image of one's desired partner. These cultural models may have little relation to the real life goals of the person. As Margaret Mead has suggested, a woman may have a low level of sexual vitality and a slow life rhythm, and a man may in his own terms be of the same type, yet instead of finding happiness in each other, each is bludgeoned by the demands of the culture into aiming at a model of sexual vitality and aggressiveness which may represent the exactly wrong mate.

A similar freezing of roles applies to the whole life cycle of the woman. In girlhood she is brought up to measure her effectiveness by the standards of popularity and success. In her late teens, on the eve of marriage, she becomes the overvalued darling of the culture on whom concentrated attention is lavished, but what she is valued for is her youth and good looks and not any talent she may have or any function she will fill as wife and mother. Once married and started on her childbearing, she is transferred from one frozen role to another, this time as presiding spirit over the home, where she may feel isolated or crowded; the spotlight is

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shifted from her, but she takes on a series of tasks for which her education has scarcely prepared her. Where the social role of her husband is that of a man growing to the height of his powers, the ideal of a mature woman is strangely absent in American thinking; from the time she passes the peak of the socially fixed ideal of youth beauty she feels herself on the downward slope, and much of her psychic energy goes into fighting off her anxieties on this score. When her children have grown up and left the home, she tries again to pick up the old threads of her life, but she no longer has the self-assurance of her youth, nor is she likely to have built up a real competence in any field: she marks time until she is frozen again in the role of an elderly lady whose life is filled by grandchildren and good works.

There are signs, however, that these rigid social roles are being relaxed and more fluid ones are taking their place. But if she is to discover her identity, she must start by basing her belief in herself on her womanliness rather than on the movement for feminism. Margaret Mead has pointed out that the biological life cycle of the woman has certain well-marked phases from menarche through the birth of her children to her menopause; that in these stages of her life cycle, as in her basic bodily rhythms, she can feel secure in her womanhood and does not have to assert her potency as the male does. Similarly, while the multiple roles that she must play in life are bewildering, she can fulfill them without distraction if she knows that her central role is that of a woman.

America has realized better than any other society the vision of Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Women": yet equal rights do not mean an interchangeable identity with men but scope to lead a diversified life while remaining a woman. In this spirit the American woman is groping for a synthesis of her functions in her home, her community, and her job. Her central function, however, remains that of creating a life style for herself and for the home in which she is life creator and life sustainer. She is learning that she need not lose functions simply because she has talents and because she aims at a productive life which will develop her interests and her inner resources.

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(Continued on page 65)

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(Continued from page 64)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1229

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A merry-go-round.	58 9 73 108 86 158 51 162 147
B. Measuring three feet longitudinally (comp.).	41 91 25 101 72 116 50 69
C. Ancient Welsh violin beloved of the Crossword puzzler.	153 30 42 176 141
D. Amer. physician advocate of birth control, imprisoned for his teachings 1832.	28 92 76 115 40 164 172 155
E. Antonym of seldom.	10 127 33 166 79
F. Special paper, composed of layers of tissue on a heavier sheet, used for matrices in printing.	84 45 109 105 12
G. What Francis Thompson did to the "Hound of Heaven."	171 61 38 23
H. Organ stop known also as a decima.	2 59 146 140 99
I. German physician who gave his name to compound spirit of ether as an "anodyne."	165 112 107 64 20 94 49 149
J. Ingratiate (oneself) into the affections.	168 125 24 56 16 82
K. Austrian health resort, mineral springs, etc., also large salt mine nearby (2 wds.).	119 78 95 148 7 67 34 44
L. Style of rowing by three persons, the center using two oars, the bow and stern one each.	173 100 87 36 157 27
M. Stupefy with amazement.	4 142 137 31 120 66 118

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Great river of India flowing through Kashmir, 1900 miles long.	68 163 57 151 62
O. Following "to cry," British for advertising one's refusal to be responsible for another's debts.	152 135 83 14 13 114 123
P. David Copperfield's young lawyer friend.	8 138 6 75 80 60 88 5
Q. Snub; repulse.	144 160 121 104 29 136
R. Shakespeare's humorous contraction of the word for a riddle with obscure and ambiguous allusions.	169 126 113 43
S. Terrifying being, a sort of vampire, asso. with Hecate.	174 110 39 85 98 22
T. Construction across Chagres River, Panama, for control of waters in the Canal (2 wds.).	97 19 167 161 46 134 55 81 32
U. Occupying a position to dictate or command, or of readiness (3 wds.).	124 130 71 15 35 89 96 47 102 117 37
V. Numerous issue (contemptuous).	175 143 132 3 159
W. Living in luxury.	90 26 77 170 131 139 154 52 111
X. Longest river in Japan.	133 74 18 145 106 48 54 1
Y. Specifying a small engine with propeller, often attached to small boat.	128 11 17 122 63 65 103 93
Z. Arithmetical character 0.	70 53 129 150 21 156

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 X	2 H		3 V	4 M	5 P		6 P	7 K		8 P	9 A
10 E	11 Y	12 F	13 O		14 O	15 U	16 J	17 Y	18 X	19 T	20 I		21 Z	22 S	23 G	
24 J	25 B	26 W	27 L	28 D		29 Q	30 C	31 M	32 T		33 E	34 K	35 U		36 L	37 U
38 G	39 S	40 D	41 B		42 C	43 R	44 K	45 F	46 T	47 U		48 X	49 I	50 B		51 A
52 W	53 Z	54 X	55 T	56 J	57 N		58 A	59 H	60 P	61 G	62 N		63 Y	64 I		65 Y
66 M	67 K	68 N	69 B	70 Z	71 U		72 B	73 A	74 X	75 P	76 D	77 W		78 K	79 E	80 P
	81 T	82 J	83 O	84 F	85 S	86 A	87 L	88 P	89 U	90 W		91 B	92 D	93 Y		94 I
95 K	96 U	97 T	98 S		99 H	100 L	101 B		102 U	103 Y	104 Q	105 F	106 X		107 I	108 A
109 F	110 S		111 W	112 I	113 R	114 O		115 D	116 B	117 U	118 M		119 K	120 M	121 Q	122 Y
123 O	124 U	125 J	126 R		127 E	128 Y	129 Z	130 U	131 W	132 V	133 X	134 T		135 O	136 Q	
137 M	138 P	139 W	140 H	141 C		142 M	143 V	144 Q	145 X	146 H	147 A	148 K	149 I	150 Z		151 N
152 O	153 C	154 W	155 D	156 Z	157 L	158 A	159 V	160 Q	161 T		162 A	163 N		164 D	165 I	166 E
	167 T	168 J	169 R	170 W		171 G	172 D	173 L	174 S	175 V	176 C					

Solution of last week's Double-crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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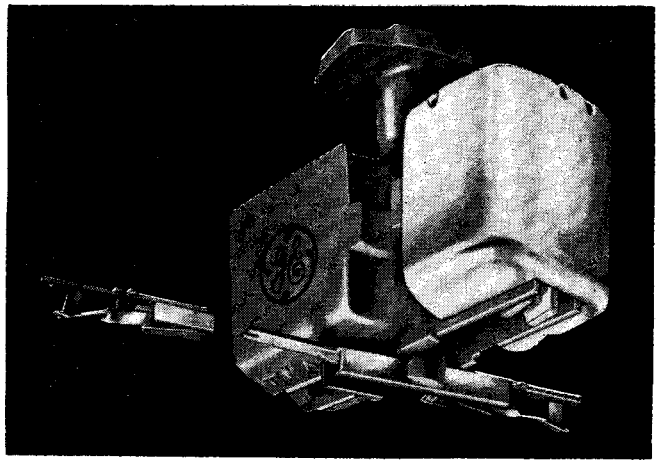

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